# THE BOOKMAN

## Christmas Double Number

WITH ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

*Three Presentation Plate Portraits of*

JANE AUSTEN
CHARLOTTE BRONTË
GEORGE ELIOT

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES ON

"PETER PAN"

AND

"THE CLASSICS OF THE NURSERY"

The List of Contributors includes—

ALICE MEYNELL
H. C. BEECHING
ALFRED NOYES
THOMAS SECCOMBE
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&c.

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COULSON KERNAHAN
RICHARD GARNETT
&c.

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# The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOW READY. PART II.

'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature.

ONE SHILLING NET.

### NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* THE BOOKMAN, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

## News Notes.

We are much indebted to Mr. J. M. Barrie for permission to use the "Peter Pan" illustrations, and to Mr. Addison Bright for his courteous assistance in the matter of their reproduction.

As usual in the December number of THE BOOKMAN, we are obliged to many publishers for the right to reproduce illustrations from their books. We have specially to thank Messrs. Macmillan, Bell and Sons, Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., for the pictures illustrating the article on the Development of Books for Boys and Girls.

A new edition of Turgenieff is announced, "with an introduction by Henry James." We have authority for saying that Mr. James has not written an introduction to this or any other edition of Turgenieff's work. On the death of the novelist, twenty-two years ago, Mr. James contributed a sketch to an American review which was afterwards published in "Partial Portraits," and it is this sketch that has now been republished to serve a purpose for which, obviously, it was never intended.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser is at present in Tokio, where she has gone as the special representative of a group of periodicals. Her long connection with Japan secures her special facilities for studying men and things, and her articles will have great interest for English and American readers at the present moment. Before sailing Mrs. Fraser corrected the proofs of her new novel, "The Shadow of the Lord," in readiness for publication in the spring.

Mr. Henry James is engaged on his "Impressions of America," and we shall probably have the volume in the spring. The *Fortnightly Review* has arranged for Mr. James to contribute a series of articles on America, during the coming year.

Mr. Joseph Conrad has finished a book which he calls "The Mirror of the Sea." The book consists of anecdotal essays dealing with various phases of the sea and seamanship, and contains a great deal of autobiographical matter. It will have a special appeal to all lovers of Mr. Conrad's work as a revelation of his personality and literary genius.

The forthcoming volume of the Poems of Shakespeare, in quarto, by the Oxford University Press, will contain five separate introductions by Mr. Sidney Lee. In these, new material will be found confirming his well-known theory of the dependence of the Sonnets on foreign models, and showing a similar dependence

in the case of the narrative poems—especially Venus and Adonis.

Mr. Somerset Maugham has finished a new novel, which will be published in the early spring.

The executors of the late George Gissing have collected and arranged for publication a number of short stories from his pen. The volume will be issued next spring, and will be welcomed by those who have lamented the absence of these characteristic examples of his work from the published volumes.

"To Modern Maidens," by "A Modern Matron," is the title of a little book to be published immediately by Mr. G. A. Morton. It is an earnest appeal to the young women of to-day to realise the responsibility of their freedom of opportunity, to make the aim of their lives the achievement of noble womanhood. It is in three sections, entitled "The Life of the Body," "The Life of the Heart," "The Life of the Home," etc., etc., and contains a reproduction of G. F. Watts's picture, "Una and the Red Cross Knight."

Messrs. Hutchinson have in the press what is likely to prove one of the most interesting items in the already large literature dealing with the Russo-Japanese war. This is the work of Mr. William Maxwell, formerly the well-known war-correspondent of the *Standard*, and now on the staff of the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Maxwell, who is at present in India describing the Royal visit, has left the supervision of his book to the experienced hands of Mr. W. H. Mudford, late editor of the *Standard*. The work, which will be fully illustrated, will be published immediately.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, who has been appointed to the Court of St. James's as representative of the Norwegian Government, will, on taking up his residence in England, devote himself to an important work on Arctic Exploration, which will be included in The Story of Exploration Series, edited by Dr. J. Scott Keltie, and published by Mr. Alston Rivers.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish immediately a volume entitled "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns." The author is Mary Craven (Mrs. C. J. Ffoulkes, of Erivatt), and the two reigns are those of Charles II. and George III. Major Martin Hume, whose distinction it is that he can handle a *chronique scandaleuse* with the accuracy of a historian and the tact of a gentleman, will contribute an introduction.

Mr. George A. Morton has, we understand, made arrangements for the publication in this country of the authorised English Translation of Louis Elbé's "La Vie Future," a work which, when published in Paris a short time ago, created a tremendous stir in scientific and religious circles throughout France. The

*Photo W. J. Wright, Norwood.* **Beth Ellis.**
Author of "Madame, Will you Walk?"

fundamental question of "the immortality of the soul" has disturbed the great thinkers of all ages, and for the solution of this eternal enigma humanity still

*Photo Elliott & Fry.* **R. E. Vernède.**
Author of "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel."

**A View of St. Paul's.**
(Reproduced from Mr. Henry James's "English Hours," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

seeks in vain; and in "The Future Life" M. Elbé presents a mass of scientific evidence and data that is startling and convincing.

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The present publishing season in this country has witnessed the appearance of quite a number of books, the moral flavour of which is distinctly "high." Strangely enough, this is coincident with a wave of puritanism in France. French publishers are putting the Baedeker "star" to a new use. The star, which is now a feature of their catalogues, is affixed not to books which we traditionally call French, in an opprobrious sense, but to such as are suited for "the young person."

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The extraordinary success achieved in Germany by Herr Schillings' remarkable work on East Africa bids fair to be repeated in this country in the translation published by Messrs. Hutchinson. The feature of the book is its very remarkable illustrations. The quality of these may be judged from the specimen we are permitted to reproduce in our Christmas Supplement.

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A new volume of sea-stories by Mr. Morley Roberts will be published in January by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

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Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish immediately Mr. C. Lewis Hind's "Days with Velasquez," with three-colour illustrations. A chapter of special interest at the present time deals with the picture "Venus with the Mirror."

Students of Tennyson will look forward with much interest to the publication of a new edition of "In Memoriam," containing the author's own notes. The latter, we understand, will throw light on many passages which have been interpreted variously by critics.

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Baroness Orczy's very successful novel, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," has reached a tenth edition. The new edition will be illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock.

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A new novel by Mr. Charles Marriott, the author of "The Column," will be published immediately by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, under the title "The Lapse of Vivien Eady."

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In "The Book of Cut Flowers" Mr. R. P. Brotherston promises a real addition to horticultural literature. There are garden books galore, but the decorative use of flowers has been strangely neglected by writers. Mr. Brotherston's little volume will give a complete history of the subject, together with practical advice on the preparing, arranging, and preserving of flowers for all decorative purposes. Mr. T. N. Foulis will publish the volume.

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Mr. Sichel's memoir of Emma, Lady Hamilton, has been so successful that a fourth impression has already been called for.

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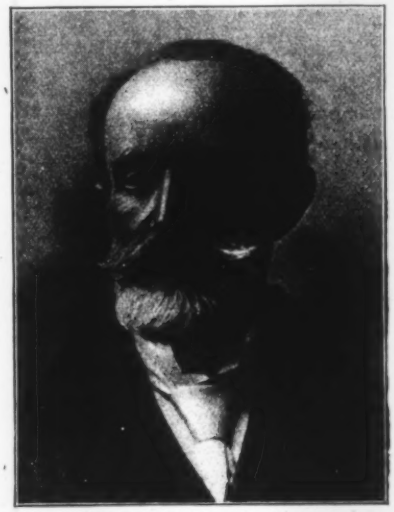
A volume which should prove of unusual interest and importance will be published shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It is entitled "With the Empress Dowager of China." The author, Katherine Carl, enjoyed a unique experience. She was entertained for several months in the palace of that very remarkable woman, the Empress Dowager of China, while she painted four portraits of the Empress, one of them



**John Ward (of Belfast), F.S.A.**
Author of "Our Sudan."

for the St. Louis Exposition, and, before the work was over, became a trusted friend. It is said that no foreigner since Marco Polo has been a staying guest in the palace of a Chinese sovereign.

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Mr. T. N. Foulis has in the press a new "road book," in the form of a pocket anthology, entitled "The Footpath Way," edited by Mr. A. H. Hyatt. The selections are both prose and verse, and include many passages from copyright books.

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## Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

### (1) ENGLAND.

OCTOBER 20TH TO NOVEMBER 20TH, 1905.

On all sides it would appear that a general tone of briskness has been the prevailing feature of the month, and it is evident that the demand has thus far proved materially in advance of the corresponding period of the last few years. The public are, it may safely be assumed, not only reading but purchasing, which point, from the trade outlook, is the all-important one.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:

*Six Shilling Novels.*

Starvecrow Farm. By S. J. Weyman. (Hutchinson.)
The Hundred Days. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
Lone Marie. By W. E. Norris. (Macmillan.)
Love the Tyrant. By C. Garvice. (Hutchinson.)
The Lake. By George Moore. (Heinemann.)
Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. By author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder.)
Soprano. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
The Czar's Spy. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Cherry Ribband. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Man. By Bram Stoker. (Heinemann.)
The Man from America. By Mrs. De La Pasture. (Smith, Elder.)
Travelling Thirds. By Gertrude Atherton. (Harper.)
The King's Achievement. By R. H. Benson. (Pitman.)
A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
A Nine Days' Wonder. By B. M. Croker. (Methuen.)
A Waif's Progress. By Rhoda Broughton. (Macmillan.)
Ayesha. By H. R. Haggard. (Ward, Lock.)
I.N.R.I. By P. Rosegger. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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Four Just Men. By Edgar Wallace. 3s. 6d. (Tallis Press.)
Captains All. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Chariots of the Lord. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (R. T. S.)
Visions. By Coulson Kernahan. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Emma, Lady Hamilton. By W. Sichel. 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Earl Granville Memoirs. By Lord E. Fitzmaurice. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Longmans.)
Wallace (A. R.), My Life. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
Charles Lamb. By E. V. Lucas. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Methuen.)
Baron Brampton's Reminiscences. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
Charlotte Brontë. By C. K. Shorter. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Johannes Brahms. By F. May. 2 vols. 21s. net. (E. Arnold.)
Dan Leno. By J. H. Wood. 6s. (Methuen.)
History of Our Own Times. By Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. 24s. (Chatto and Windus.)
Mahan's Sea Power in its Relation to the War of 1812. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Sampson Low.)
The Days of His Flesh. By D. Smith. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Criticism of the Fourth Gospel. By W. Sanday. 7s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press.)
The Empire and the Century. 21s. net. (J. Murray.)
The Old Testament in Art. 5s. and 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Rip Van Winkle. Illustrated by A. Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)
Pictures from Nature. By R. and C. Kearton. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature. 1s. net. (Hodder.)
Blackie's Children's Annual. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)
Buster Brown and his Dog Tige. 3s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)
The Golliwogg's Hunt. 6s. (Longmans.)
Mr. Punch's Children's Book. 6s. ("Punch" Office.)
Pocket Volumes, Juvenile Gift Books and Annuals.
Almanacs and Diaries.
Told to the Children Series. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

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### (2) SCOTLAND.

OCTOBER 20TH TO NOVEMBER 18TH, 1905.

With a hopeful feeling prevalent in trade generally, booksellers purchased readily the various publications.

*Photo Eva Le Mesurier and Winifred Marshall.* **Mrs. Frances Campbell.**
Author of "A Pillar of Dust."

issued for Christmastide. It was felt that no special work was prominent in orders placed, but the general excellence of the new books was subject of remark, and after all, the variety offered proved more attractive than if the sales were confined to one or two favourite lines.

The outstanding novel at three shillings and sixpence

was Silas K. Hocking's "Flaming Sword," and there continued a brisk demand for W. W. Jacobs' immensely humorous volume, "Captains All."

At sixpence, many thousands were sold of Nelson's Classics, chiefly by newsagents; and in the ordinary paper cover, those novels which obtained the readiest sale were "Roden's Corner," "With Edged Tools," and "The Slave of the Lamp," all by H. S. Merriman; "Just a Girl," by Charles Garvice; "Eleanor," by Mrs. H. Ward; "The Lost Continent," by C. Hyne; and "The Sign of the Stranger," by W. Le Queux. Several very important serial publications entered this well-contested field. Of these the most prominent and successful were "Harmsworth's Self Educator," "The Bookman History of English Literature," and Messrs Newnes' new venture, "The Magazine of Fine Arts."

The following is our list of the best-selling books :—

*Six Shilling Novels.*

Soprano. By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Kipps. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
Saints in Society. By Mrs. B. Saunders. (Unwin.)
Love the Tyrant. By Charles Garvice. (Hutchinson.)
Starvecrow Farm. By S. Weyman. (Hutchinson.)
French Nan. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
Czar's Spy. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder.)
Progress of Priscilla. By Lucas Cleeve. (Unwin.)
The Red Reaper. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder.)
The Household of Peter. By R. N. Cary. (Macmillan.)
Flies in Amber. By George Egerton. (Hutchinson.)
The Passport. By Richard Bagot. (Methuen.)

*Miscellaneous.*

Captains All. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Flaming Sword. By S. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
Sir Toady Crusoe. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Wells Gardner.)
Lord Roberts, Forty-one Years. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Garden of Nuts. By Dr. Robertson Nicoll. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Days of His Flesh. By Rev. D. Smith. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
Almond of Loretto. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
The Bookman History of English Literature. 1s. net. (Hodder.)
Gowans and Gray's Art and Nature Books. 6d. net.
Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.
Jack's Told to the Children Series. 1s. 6d. net.

# The Best Selling Books.

## REPRESENTATIVE TRADE REPORTS.

| District. | The Six Best Selling Novels. | The Six Best Selling Works in belles Lettres and General Literature. | The Six Best Selling Works in Theological and Religious Literature. | The Most Popular Authors for (1) Infants (2) Girls (3) Boys. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **BIRMINGHAM—** | Vachell's The Hill<br>Thurston's John Chilcote, M.P.<br>Hichens' The Garden of Allah<br>Maxwell's Vivien<br>Weyman's Starvecrow Farm<br>Hewlett's Queen's Quair | Life of Edward Burne-Jones, 2 vols.<br>Life of Bishop Creighton, 2 vols.<br>The Upton Letters<br>Wilde's De Profundis<br>Letters and Remains of J. H. Shorthouse<br>Bernard Shaw's Works | Bishop Gore's Works (All)<br>Sanday's Criticism of the Fourth Gospel<br>Waggett's Science and Religion<br>Hand's Ideals of Science and Faith<br>Illingworth's Christian Character<br>Prothero's The Psalms in Human Life | The Peter Rabbit Books<br>The Golliwogg in Holland<br>A. Lang<br>Molesworth<br>Crockett<br>Seton |
| **BOURNEMOUTH—** | Weyman's Starvecrow Farm<br>Hope's Servant of the Public<br>Vachell's The Hill<br>Williamson's My Friend the Chauffeur<br>Jacobs's Captains All<br>Maxwell's Vivien | Life of Professor Wallace<br>Scott's Voyage, 2 vols.<br>Kate Greenaway<br>Vardon's Complete Golfer<br>Scott Holland's Personal Studies<br>Lucas's Holland | Brierley's Eternal Religion<br>Beet's Last Things<br>Talbot's Aspects of Christian Truth<br>Sanday's Fourth Gospel<br>Jowett's Passion for Souls<br>Moule's My Brethren | E. Nesbit<br>Molesworth<br>K. Tynan<br>L. T. Meade<br>Henty<br>Wodehouse |
| **BRISTOL—** | Starvecrow Farm<br>Servant of the Public<br>Ayesha<br>Kipps<br>Soprano<br>Black Spaniel | Lucas's Life of Charles Lamb<br>Jane Austen's Sailor Brothers<br>Life of Lord Granville<br>Rip Van Winkle, ill. by Rackham<br>McCarthy's Hist. Own Times, 2 new vols.<br>Hume's Wives of Henry VIII. | Miller's Blossom of Thorns<br>Holmes' In Watchings Often<br>Kernahan's World Without a Child | One-Eyed Griffin<br>Wonder Book<br>Red Romance Book<br>Miss Greyshott's Girls<br>Nelson Navy Book<br>Henty |
| **CAMBRIDGE—** | Forster's Where Angels Fear to Tread<br>Jacobs's Captains All<br>Shaw's Irrational Knot<br>Weyman's Starvecrow Farm<br>Crawford's Soprano<br>Wells's Kipps | Stevenson's Art of Writing<br>The Upton Letters<br>Jebb's Bacchylides<br>Hunt and Poole's Political History of England<br>Life of Chas. Lamb, by E. V. Lucas<br>Crawford's Southern Italy and Sicily | Cambridge Theological Essays<br>Sanday's Life of Christ<br>Westcott's History of the English Bible<br>Inskip's Pastoral Idea<br>Charteris' The Church of Christ<br>Lyttelton's Sermon on the Mount | Molesworth<br>Beatrix Potter<br>Evelyn Sharp<br>Rosa Carey<br>Ernest Thompson Seton<br>William J. Long |
| **CARLISLE—** | White Fire<br>Vivien<br>A Servant of the Public<br>Household of Peter<br>Soprano<br>Bridget's Quarter Deck | | | Beatrix Potter<br>Mrs. Molesworth<br>Amy Le Feuvre<br>L. T. Meade<br>F. S. Brereton<br>H. Strang |
| **CHELTENHAM—** | Vivien<br>The Hill<br>Brothers<br>Princess Priscilla's Fortnight<br>Soprano<br>Black Spaniel | Kate Greenaway's Life<br>Lucy Kemp-Welch Portfolio<br>The Gay Dog<br>The Voyage of Discovery<br>Voices of South<br>Garden that I Love (illustrated) | Maclaren's Expositions of Holy Scripture<br>The Days of His Flesh<br>In Tune with the Infinite<br>Cardinal Newman's Addresses<br>Miller's Blossom of Thorns<br>The World Without a Child | Told to the Children Series<br>Beatrix Potter<br>L. T. Meade<br>Rosa Carey<br>G. A. Henty<br>Herbert Strang |
| **EALING—** | Rosa Carey's Household of Peter<br>Vachell's The Hill<br>Weyman's Starvecrow Farm<br>Oxenham's White Fire<br>Pemberton's Hundred Days<br>Anthony Hope's Servant of the Public | Dickens' Oliver Twist<br>Southey's Life of Nelson<br>Shakespeare's Works<br>Tennyson's Complete Works<br>Thackeray's Vanity Fair<br>Highways and Byways Series (Macmillan) | Trine's In Tune with Infinite<br>Miller's Finding the Way<br>Gordon's Quiet Thoughts on Prayer<br>Chambers' Our Life After Death<br>Soulsby's Stray Thoughts Series<br>Mortimer's It Ringeth to Evensong | Mrs. Ewing<br>Molesworth<br>Ethel Turner<br>Meade<br>Strang<br>Brereton |
| **EASTBOURNE—** | The Hill<br>Garden of Allah<br>Servant of the Public<br>God's Good Man<br>Abbess of Vlaye<br>Prodigal Son | Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty<br>Black's "Beautiful" Books<br>Romance of Modern Invention Series<br>Lucas's Life of Lamb<br>Highways and Byways Series | Psalms in Human Life<br>Quiet Talks on Prayer<br>New Testament in Modern Speech<br>Twentieth Century New Testament<br>A. F. W. Ingram's Works<br>Dr. Miller's Books | Mrs. Molesworth<br>Amy Le Feuvre<br>L. T. Meade<br>R. Carey<br>Capt. Brereton<br>C. G. Wodehouse |
| **GLOUCESTER—** | Maxwell's Vivien<br>Carey's Household of Peter<br>Weyman's Starvecrow Farm<br>Rider Haggard's Ayesha<br>Anthony Hope's Servant of the Public<br>Williamson's My Friend the Chauffeur | Lucas's Wanderer in Holland<br>Heinemann's ed. of Don Quixote<br>Sir Henry Hawkins' Reminiscences<br>Duff's The Norfolk Broads<br>Mrs. Earle's Colour Garden<br>Andrew Lang's Red Book of Romance | | Miss Potter<br>Amy Le Feuvre<br>Everett Green<br>Rosa Carey<br>Strang<br>Brereton |

## THE BEST SELLING BOOKS—*continued.*

| District. | The Six Best Selling Novels. | The Six Best Selling Works in Belles Lettres and General Literature. | The Six Best Selling Works in Theological and Religious Literature. | The Most Popular Authors for (1. infants (2. Girls (3. Boys. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **HOVE—** | Vivien<br>Princess Priscilla's Fortnight<br>Soprano<br>Ayesha<br>Captains All<br>Starvecrow Farm | W. H. Wilkins' Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.<br>Rip Van Winkle, illus. by Arthur Rackham<br>Voyage of the Discovery<br>Esmond, illus. by Hugh Thomson<br>National Gallery of British Art<br>Old Testament in Art | Momerie's Immortality<br>Miller's Blossom of Thorns<br>Quiet Talks on Power<br>Quiet Talks on Prayer | E. Nesbit<br>Clifton Bingham<br>L. T. Meade<br>E. Nesbit<br>Herbert Strang<br>Brereton |
| **LEEDS—** | F. M. Crawford's Soprano<br>Carey's Household of Peter<br>Reynolds' A Quaker Wooing<br>Haggard's Ayesha<br>Jacobs's Captains All<br>Weyman's Starvecrow Farm | Rip Van Winkle, illustrated by Rackham<br>The Old Testament in Art<br>Gibson's Our Neighbours<br>Spielmann's Kate Greenaway<br>Henry Esmond, illustrated by Hugh Thomson<br>W. J. Long's Northern Trails | Wilson's Why We Believe<br>W. Lock's The Bible and Christian Life<br>Master's Message to His Disciples<br>Jowett's The Passion for Souls<br>Day Book of Claudius Clear<br>Canon Ainger's Lectures and Essays | Beatrix Potter<br>Miss F. Upton<br>Miss Le Feuvre<br>Mrs. Molesworth<br>G. A. Henty<br>R. M. Ballantyne |
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# THE READER.

## THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP.

By Alfred Noyes.

MOST "grown-ups" nowadays have at least a sense of loss at Christmastide—the sort of sense which Mr. Kipling's pioneer felt, of something "lost behind the mountains"; the sense of a whisper from the Never-never land, *Come and find me!* "David went to look for donkeys," says Mr. Kipling, with alliterative inaccuracy, "and he found a kingdom"; and, though it was really Saul who went according to the Scriptures, the statement may apply figuratively to any of us. The most successful searcher for donkeys at the present day is Mr. Barrie. You may take the most obtuse donkey in London before his footlights, and Mr. Barrie will discover you a kingdom in him, the kingdom of boyhood. A view of life so large, and a touch of satire so gentle that you are awakened only to the infinite pathos of our small errors under the everlasting stars; those are two of the possessions of the author of "Peter Pan"; and his arrival at his astonishingly wide kingdom is an exquisite illustration of a very ancient and beautiful phrase about the width and height and wonder of the kingdom of little children.

Now Santa Claus is in a terrible predicament. His tricks are not subtle enough for the modern child. His white beard wants renovating; for at present it is a palpably false one. You can see the gum that secures it; and apparently the poor old man is about to join the ranks of the unemployed. But what a delightful curtain-raiser to "Peter Pan" one can imagine if Mr. Barrie would give us a plea for Santa Claus, after the manner of his plea for the ancient family of the Clown! Personally, I believe that Santa Claus is only one of the highly-coloured disguises of Peter Pan. Remove that ragged white beard and you will find a smooth-faced young messenger from the Never-never land—the land from which all pleasant surprises, all happy chances, all childish miracles descend. Nay, even if you seemed to disclose only the blushing countenance of an indignant parent, you might be sure that this also was only another disguise of that immortal and Protean youth. For Peter Pan partakes of the nature of the universal Pan. Witness the "Little White Bird":

"He made a pipe of reeds, and he used to sit by the shore of the island of an evening, practising the sough of the wind and the ripple of the water, and catching handfuls of the shine of the moon, and he put them all in his pipe and played them so beautifully that even the birds were deceived, and they would say to each other, 'Was that a fish leaping in the water, or was it Peter playing leaping fish on his pipe?' And sometimes he played the birth of birds, and then the mothers would turn round in their nests to see whether they had laid an egg. If you are a child of the Gardens you must know the chestnut tree near the bridge, which comes out in flower first of all the chestnuts, but perhaps you have not heard why this tree leads the way. It is because Peter wearies for summer and plays that it has come, and the chestnut being so near, hears him and is cheated."

This universality of Peter is the answer to an objection which I once heard raised against the play—that it is too much of a mixture; that Red Indians jostle pirates, and that fairies rub shoulders with crocodiles. But the story is *not* an adventure story for children so much as the story of the adventures of an actual child's mind; and, as for Peter, you cannot shut him out from anywhere. Close the doors and he will fly in through the window or drop down the chimney. It will be hard, however, if he must abandon one of his kindliest disguises because it is wearing too thin. It will never be forgotten, of course, for wherever there is a moonlit holly-bush with a beard of snow upon it, there is Santa Claus; and, as for the Christmas Tree itself, with its fairy fragrance, there is many a fir wood left for the stars to hang with their white and wasting candles, if you cannot be hospitable and invite Peter Pan and his Christmas properties indoors. Therefore, though much is taken, much still abides for those who have retained no more than the sense of loss, the sort of wondering sense that makes you open your eyes very wide and stare into the darkness, if by any chance you should wake in the night and hear "Good King Wenceslaus" or some commoner carol of your childhood calling you out to the Never-never land through the desperate dawn of a London Christmas.

Perhaps, therefore, no time is so fitting as Christmas for the resurrection of the lost dreams and happy memories which, for too many of us, have been sleeping in that distant country. How many of us, indeed, in the grip of a dreary routine, if we dared to remember at all, could only remember with a sense of pain the Boy who for us, too, seemed once as if he could never grow up; or at any rate—for to grow up was after all his ambition—could only grow up to grander heights of boyhood. To be a pirate or to smoke cigars—not for greed of gold or because his nerves were possessed with cigar-hunger, but because gold is yellow and blood is red, and a cigar can wreathe blue clouds of glory around him as he stalks, arm in arm with my Lady Nicotine, through his reverential companions—those are legitimate aspirations of boyhood. But they are comprehended by boyhood; and they must not be mistaken for a desire to grow up to anything more or less than the heights of that boyhood.

Now Stevenson grew up. With reference to "Treasure Island," Margaret Ogilvy once told her son, "consolingly, that she could not thole pirate stories"; but now that her son has written one himself the comparison becomes too inviting to be resisted. Stevenson wrote about pirates with a kind of romantic regret; he put in masterly grown-up touches, the wonderful little chord of moralising music about the sea-shells

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**The Front Doors of the Boys' Underground Home in the Forest.**
Act II.—Scene 1.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**The Forest Home of Peter and the Lost Boys.**
Act II.—Scene 1.

Captain Hook encounters the crocodile, which once chewed off his right arm, and has since followed him from land to land licking its lips for the rest of him.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.* **Liza listens at the door.**
Act II.—Scene 1.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.* **One of the Lost Boys—First Twin.**
Act II.—Scene 1.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.* **Captain Hook and his Pirate Crew on the track of Peter Pan.**
Act II.—Scene 1.

which Jim Hawkins and his mother found in the pirate's sea-chest, for instance. At the end of his life you find him almost in distress because he has been writing so much for boys! He was, in fact, a man writing for boys and yearning to lose himself in boyhood; while Barrie is a boy, in triumphant possession of his kingdom, writing for men. Stevenson, in the "Child's Garden," asks whether his lot does not seem hard to you in summer time, "when I should like so much to play, to have to go to bed by day"? Might not that be the lyrical cry of the dying man himself? Does he not say at the end of all—"it is but a child of air, that lingers in the garden there"? Does he not say of the leaden soldier who had been buried and could not relate what he had seen underground, "I must lay him on the shelf, and make up the tale myself!" Sooner would the author of "Peter Pan" make the very tables and chairs relate it. Stevenson surveyed all these things from the outside, with the eye of an artist, and wrote about them in a classic style. Barrie gets right inside them with the universal Peter Pan, and simply talks to you in a language that winks and twinkles like wet eyelashes over the birth of a divinely beautiful smile at all human foibles and vanities. Stevenson, in his very "Child's Garden," could say:

"The eternal dawn beyond a doubt
Will break o er hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out
Ere we be young again!"

Barrie sets all London laughing at the absurdities of the modern "problem play," by simply bringing it into contact with the pure childhood of "Alice-sit-by-the-fire." Stevenson—in another poem—says just what the weary disillusioned people, of whom we spoke earlier, would have been wanting to say when they heard those carols:

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye!
. . . . . .
Mull was astern, Rum on the port,
Eigg on the starboard bow,
Glory of youth glowed in his soul,
Where is that glory now?"

Well, doubtless for most of us it might as well be lost as in the Never-never land; but the point is this—that Margaret Ogilvy should have read Stevenson first and her son afterwards; for Barrie begins where Stevenson ended. There is none of that terrible sadness in the author of "Peter Pan." He calmly proposes to restore the dead to life, to give you back the glory of youth, and to make you young again. Moreover, *he does it!* And I think he succeeds because he has passed through all that sadness and suffering, passed straight through it into the Never-never land, snatched up an exquisite secret of happiness, and returned with it to London to make other people happy.

In the first scene of "Peter Pan," I think there must be a sort of fairy philosophy behind the fact that Peter himself is represented as being quite miserable about the loss of his own shadow, and blissfully happy when he finds it again. The whimsical humour of it sets you laughing and congratulating yourself that at any rate you *do* possess a shadow. As the play develops, you begin to congratulate yourself on the possession of all sorts of things which hitherto you took quite as a matter of course. In "The Little White Bird," similarly, you congratulate yourself very heartily on the possession of a St. Bernard dog; and, finally, you begin to congratulate yourself on the fact that other people possess things. You become exquisitely happy to think that children have mothers (even if you have lost your own), wonderful mothers, with soft faces and lovely shining eyes.

It is impossible and unnecessary to tell the story of the play here. Roughly, it is built upon some such framework as this. Peter Pan comes in through a bedroom window, teaches the children, who are in bed there, to fly—anyone can fly who has faith—and induces them to go off through the window with him on a visit to the Never-never land. On their arrival there they find the bold young companions of Peter Pan awaiting them. These are the lost children, children who have been dropped out of perambulators by careless nurses, children who have strayed away from their homes and never returned. They are all there in the Never-never land, that beautiful distant country of story-books, a country of pirates and Redskins, and all adventurous delights. They have some thrilling escapes. They come into conflict with the pirates, whom they defeat by a clever ruse of Peter's, and terrify so vastly that those murderous villains all jump into the sea and abandon their ship. The three truants, and eventually all the lost children, decide to return home and seek their mothers. There is a wonderful scene in the bedroom of the three truants when they first appear. For their mother, who is waiting there, turns her head away after her first glimpse of them; and, in her fear lest it should be only another dream, she will not look at them till they creep up to her and prove their reality by touching and kissing her. Then the other lost children have to find *their* mothers; and there is another wonderful scene, where a crowd of fashionable ladies enters to claim them, and the children discover their right mothers by certain beautiful tests, one of which, for instance, is the lovely shining light that comes into a mother's eyes when she looks upon her own child.

Round that framework Mr. Barrie has written one of the most exquisite plays of our time. Like all masterpieces of art it is a revelation and an incarnation of things eternal. It embodies a personality so completely that you might almost vow you had a section of the author's soul before you on the stage, like a house from which the front wall had been removed. The father and mother, for instance, represent his parental thoughts and feelings, and the other characters with their adjuncts all take a perfect symbolical meaning in this regard, as they live and move and interact. The rooms and scenes in which they play their parts are as the cells, or partitions, of his brain. The dog completes the picture with a purely physical tug at your heart-strings. He represents the dumb animal qualities of affection. Looked at from this point of view the action of the play takes new lights and colours. We see, as we suggested above, not fictitious adventures *for* boys,

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**Tiger-Lily, Great Big Little Panther, and their Amazons.**
Act II.—Scene 2.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**Wendy and the Little House that Peter and the Lost Boys built for her.**
Act II.—Scene 1.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**The Underground Home of Peter Pan and the Lost Boys.**

Wendy tells the story of the children who flew away to the Never-Never-Never Land. Act II.—Scene 3.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**The Pirate Ship.**

The gentlemanly crew aboard the Pirate Craft. Act III.—Scene 1.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**Wendy and Peter Pan in the Little Home upon the Tree-tops.**
Act III.—Scene 5.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

Captain Hook hears the crocodile, and is horror-stricken.

**The Pirate Ship.**
Act III.—Scene 1.

but the actual adventures *of* the Soul of Boyhood in the world of Romance. What pirates these are, for instance, pirates that might have stepped straight out of the red and yellow illustrations of an old broad-sheet ballad; pirates of the imagination and the soul; not earthly, but ideal pirates, who wear boat-cloaks and big boots and blood-spotted bandages round the head. Each of them is the delightful essence and consummation of a thousand conventions. The captain, with an iron hook instead of a hand, is so great an object of terror to his crew that he has only to offer them a shake of that formidable and mysterious claw to make them scream like women. The crew is properly compact of villainous boldness and wild superstition, a mixture which leads directly to their defeat by the valour and cleverness of a Boy. It is the last word on pirates. It is the story of piracy reduced to its simplest terms; stripped of unnecessary details and realities, and made eternal as boyhood. For "grown-ups" it has an exquisite humour. It is like a delicious and subtle parody of all the pirate stories that ever were written, and yet it is as real and vivid as "Treasure Island." The very song which the pirates sing is pirate-song reduced to its simplest terms. There is no reference to drink or the devil or a dead man's chest: they simply assert in chorus "a-pirating we go"! But the effect is marvellous. Personally, I had a great choking thought during those wonderful twopenny-coloured episodes—if only Robert Louis could have been there to see them!

On the rest of the play, with its deep human appeal, I cannot help but think that another book—"Margaret Ogilvy" (wherein, by the bye, that aristocrat of pirates, John Silver, is first seen beckoning our author from afar with his terrible crutch)—is the best commentary. At the beginning of this article I said that Barrie succeeded in restoring the dead to life and in giving you back your lost youth, not because he ignored, but because he had passed through all that sadness of loss which Stevenson voiced; and, certainly, the little girl who wanted to "mother" all the lost children in the Never-never land draws a golden mist of April sunlight between you and the stage if you happen to think at that moment of Margaret Ogilvy. "Mother; you are in it, again!" one can hear the best-loved sister saying. Also in that beautiful last scene where the children test their mothers, is there not something of reminiscence, too? And Peter Pan, that Protean little fellow, whose mother *had* forgotten him in another child, what a wonderful depth his picture takes if you remember one of the most poignant and perfect passages in all modern literature, the passage that describes how a certain little boy tried to comfort his mother for the loss of her other son.

"My sister, who was then passing out of her teens, came to me with a very anxious face and wringing her hands, and she told me to go ben to my mother and say to her that she still had another boy. I went ben excitedly, but the room was dark, and when I heard the door shut and no sound come from the bed, I was afraid, and I stood still. I suppose I was breathing hard, or perhaps I was crying, for after a time I heard a listless voice that had never been listless before say, 'Is that you?' I think the tone hurt me, for I made no answer, and then the voice said more anxiously, 'Is that you?' again. I thought it was the dead boy she was speaking to, and I said in a little lonely voice, 'No, it's no him, it's just me.' Then I heard a cry, and my mother turned in bed, and though it was dark I knew that she was holding out her arms."

That is exactly how you are made to feel by parts of "Peter Pan"! There are even some almost farcical elements in the play, such as the repentant father's occupation of the dog-kennel, which remind one strangely of another passage in "Margaret Ogilvy":

"I suppose I was an odd little figure; I have been told that my anxiety to brighten her gave my face a strained look and put a tremor into the joke (I would stand on my head in the bed, my feet against the wall, and then cry excitedly, 'Are you laughing, mother?')."

This peculiar impression of reminiscence is almost startling when Peter, rushing forward to the front of the stage, with exquisite simplicity asks the audience whether they believe in fairies; and implores them, if they do, to clap their hands, for their assent will save a certain best-beloved fairy from dying. There was always the same unfailing reply; but, as a recent writer has said, it was a "Yes" that had tears in it as well as laughter. The whole play is so Protean that it is impossible to analyse impressions like these; but perhaps they may all be explained (and especially the test of the shining light) by yet another passage from that classic of our generation, "Margaret Ogilvy":

"For when you looked into my mother's eyes you knew, as if He had told you, why God sent her into the world—it was to open the minds, of all who looked, to beautiful thoughts. And that is the beginning and end of literature." And that, let us add, is what Barrie has done and is still doing, consistently. Peter Pan not only makes you love him, but he makes you love the world at large. London will be happier for Barrie, happier and better this Christmas.

There was a poem of his, once, in THE BOOKMAN, on the death of Robert Louis Stevenson. I would fain, though I dare not, take a line of it and apply it to its author. For indeed Scotland has many sons to be proud of; but one is inclined to think it is not Louis today who is her Benjamin.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**"Proud and insolent youth, prepare to meet thy doom."**
Act III.—Scene 1.

*Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

**The triumph of Peter and the Boys, who hail him as Napoleon.**
Act III.—Scene 1.

## THE KING OF THE WAITS.

Christmas Eve and a crimson fire,
  And a window full of the deep blue gloom!
*Squash*, goes a step outside thro' the mire!
  What shall I read to you? "Ulalume?"
"Ulalume?" No; better to sit
  And listen awhile in the flickering light—
Listen—the rain-drops hiss and spit!
  The shepherds won't watch their flocks to-night!

Ah! won't they, though? With money to get!
  There's a sheltering arch, and they'll take their stand,
Somewhere, out of the wind and wet;
  Hark! there they are—it's a German band!
Heralding—humph, what a wonderful thing—
  They've only a flute and a big bassoon;
Yet a star flashed out for an infant king
  With the very first note (and *that* wasn't in tune!)

Nay; but the waits are singing together
  The wide world round, and the notes that throng
As discords out of this wintry weather
  Are tuned to the great resultant song:
By the side of the flute the bassoon is flat!
  Look up, look up thro' your prison bars,
There's a loftier chord will resolve all that
  In the song of those wistful waits—the stars!

And loftier still—there's a Voice beyond
  Where the King of the Waits is waiting yet
Till all the thundering worlds respond
  To the word that he whispered from Olivet—
"Children, what of my Christmas Tree,
  Where I hung my heart in the whole world's sight?"
For the circle is finished with "Come unto Me:
  The shepherds *are* watching their flocks to-night!"

ALFRED NOYES.

# ANTONIO IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

## A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY JANE T. STODDART.

THE hero of "The Merchant of Venice" is the merchant. Attempts of actors and critics to divert our sympathy to Shylock have sadly obscured Shakespeare's original intention. Could any reader, coming to the play for the first time with unprejudiced vision, imagine, even in our age of tolerance, that Shylock was a prophet or martyr, that he was anything but a naturally evil man, who has been driven by hatred to the verge of homicidal mania? Antonio, on the other hand, is one of Shakespeare's almost perfect Christians. His only fault, intolerance, was a mediæval virtue. His is a character on which the mind rests with never-tiring pleasure. If it be true, as Dr. Brandes thinks, that Shakespeare has certainly expressed something of his own nature in the delineation of Antonio, a portrait which in itself is singularly attractive becomes all the more deserving of study.

The melancholy of Antonio has always been a problem for the critics. They regard it as a foreshadowing of the tragic events to come, but differ as to the cause. I like Dr. George Macdonald's idea, that it rests on a deeply-rooted sorrow. We must remember that Antonio is a very lonely man. His nearest kinsman is Bassanio. "Dem Freunde gehört sein Herz, keiner Geliebten." He answers with a careless "Fie, fie" the suggestion that he is in love, and his friends do not venture to press him further. May there not be in this some memory of an ever-cherished grief? There are reasons, certainly, for supposing that his sadness is not a permanent strain. One is Gratiano's remark:

> "Believe me, you are marvellously changed."

Another is Antonio's own saying:

> "Such a want-wit sadness makes of me
> That I have much ado to know myself,"

as if he were unaccustomed to depression.

It is clear, however, as we follow the play, that there is a pensive, brooding disposition in Antonio. Gratiano hints that he is posing, but how harmlessly that arrow glances off! Antonio does not even trouble to answer his volatile friend. An affected, studied melancholy is seen at once to be out of harmony with his rich and loving nature.

The most we can admit is that he has a tendency to exaggerated sentiment. This, as Mr. A. W. Verity points out, helps to explain his extreme self-sacrifice. His eyes are full of tears when he parts from Bassanio on board ship:

> "Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
> And with affection wondrous sensible
> He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted."

Bassanio is going no farther than Belmont, twenty miles off, richly furnished forth by the generous merchant. There is a touch of morbidness, undoubtedly, in Antonio's farewell, unless we are to suppose that he has already received bad news of his ships.

How old is Antonio? We are not told in the play that he is young, but we have reason to think he must be under forty. His friends are the gay young signiors of Venice. They regard him as one of themselves, who can "laugh and leap" if he chooses. Charles Lamb describes him as "a young merchant of Venice." Mr. Verity notes as a point of distinction between the play and the story of "Il Pecorone," Shakespeare's immediate source for the Bond incident, that the Ansaldo of the novel is evidently an elderly man. "Antonio and Bassanio are compeers, and the one has no claim other than that of friendship on the other." The German critic Oechelhäuser puts the merchant's age at forty, but it is doubtful whether Shakespeare intends him to be over thirty. In that century men of twenty-three and twenty-eight were admitted to the highest positions in the State, as we may see, to take only one example, from the list of privy councillors appointed on the accession of Henry II. of France. The gravity of Antonio has been acquired by early converse with important affairs. Gratiano, whom Shylock calls a "youth," and Bassanio, whom no one supposes to be more than five-and-twenty, meet him on terms of entire equality. Probably he is between thirty and thirty-five, elder by a few years than most of his friends. A very eminent critic, Dr. Stopford Brooke, considers that he is over forty, because of the great business he has established.

It is not a bad suggestion of one writer that Antonio's wealth comes chiefly by inheritance from a rich father, as he is not of the money-hoarding type. At the same time, Dr. Ulrici goes too far in representing him as of an indolent, apathetic temperament. He has sent his argosies to all the seas, and has been constantly energetic in succouring the poor. He throws off his listlessness at once when Bassanio needs his help. Shylock regards him as his only formidable rival. "I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will."

Kreyssig comes nearest the truth when he calls Antonio "the idealist amid the bustle of material concerns, a kind of Brutus of the counting-house and the Exchange." As a set-off to his practical capacity there is a dangerous lavishness in his giving. Thus he says to Bassanio, when the young prodigal entreats him to throw good money after bad:

> "Out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
> In making question of my uttermost,
> Than if you had made waste of all I have."

Antonio means every word of this, and does more than he says. He is likely to end in penury, unless Bassanio can find him a Portia! Though accounted rich, he cannot lay his hand on three thousand ducats of ready money. There is truth in Kreyssig's observation, that "he speaks on money transactions and interest like a fanatical monk." The gentlemen of Venice must have lived from hand to mouth, for when the crisis comes,

not one of Antonio's friends—honest as they all are—can muster up the sum to save him.

### Antonio in the Bond Scene.

For a right understanding of the scene between Antonio, Bassanio, and Shylock, we must remember that the merchant is in a hurry to have an unpleasant business settled. Bassanio has seriously compromised him by applying to Shylock for the loan. Was the gay young noble ignorant of what all commercial Venice knew, that there was a deadly feud between his friend and the Hebrew usurer? We must suppose so, for Bassanio has to be taken, throughout the play, at the valuation of Antonio and of Portia. Eager in his love-quest, desperately in want of money for liveries and rich gifts, he rushes away from the merchant on the injunction to "try what my credit can in Venice do," and the first rich man he meets on the Rialto is Shylock. Antonio, following more leisurely, sees the snare into which his companion has dragged him, but will not draw back in presence of the Jew. He had been confident of obtaining the three thousand ducats "of my trust or for my sake," and is doubtless setting out to make enquiries among the wealthy Christian merchants, when he finds that Bassanio has forced his hand. He utters no word of reproach, speaks civilly to Shylock until the usurer begins to taunt him with the memory of past insults, and then only breaks out into the famous speech by which he calls down adverse fortune on his head. The earlier remarks on the devil citing Scripture for his purpose, are obviously muttered aside into Bassanio's ear. After speaking them, Antonio turns sharply round and says, "Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?"

At the first hint of friendliness he gladly meets the Jew's advances. As for the "spitting" and "spurning," the epithets of "dog" and "cur," who knows what dark incidents had provoked the merchant so far from his wonted gentleness? Usury, it cannot be forgotten, was in Shakespeare's time considered a serious offence, and Shylock had used his power most cruelly against the poor. Lady Martin reminds us that we must not accept Shylock's report of Antonio, "who has brought down the rate of interest, helped the poor, wrested from Shylock's grasp despairing wretches whom he has stripped of their all, then thrown aside to starve or die as they might."

Unsuspectingly and cheerfully Antonio falls into the trap laid by the Jew. It is characteristic of Bassanio's selfishness at this crisis of his own fortunes that, although he more than half suspects Shylock's murderous designs, he yet permits Antonio, after a warning, to become his sacrifice. If he were really ignorant of the previous relations between the two men, he must have been horrified by the malignity of Shylock's earlier language, and the wine at his farewell banquet—purchased with Shylock's money at the hazard of Antonio's life—should have tasted no better than blood. The best excuse for Bassanio is that he was intoxicated at the moment with love and ambition, and against his wiser judgment accepted the merchant's assurances that the rich argosies would return to Venice long before the bond was forfeit. Antonio, in such matters, was not an easy man to argue with. He had a firm, and as the event proved, a well-justified confidence in these distant, storm-beaten cargoes. No coffin-ship, we may be sure, was ever sent out by this merchant. Captains and officers would strain every nerve to do their best for such an owner.

### The Merchant's Friends.

Gervinus makes the singular remark that the merchant's friends, with the exception of Bassanio, are sycophants and flatterers. Professor Moulton, too, says that Salarino and Salanio are "mere parasites." Nothing could be farther from the truth. The best answer to the charge of toadyism is that the young Venetians in Antonio's circle permit themselves a frankness of speech with him which at times seems to touch the limit of social courtesy. Salarino bluntly suggests that his sadness is caused by the absence of a sense of humour—a charge that to many people would give as much offence as a serious allegation. Gratiano draws out at length the idea of an artificial melancholy, deliberately put on to gain a reputation for wisdom. Antonio accepts the raillery with his usual sweet-tempered courtesy, but surely this is not the language of "parasites." Salarino is with him in the last sad scene before the trial, and it is to him that the merchant utters the one word of self-pity which extreme misery draws from him:

> "These griefs and losses have so bated me
> That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
> To-morrow to my bloody creditor."

In every respect Shakespeare wishes us to think of Antonio as a great citizen of Venice. It is he who points out to his anxious friend that "the Duke cannot deny the course of law." He never dreams of saving himself except by "lawful means." The gaoler who takes him out of prison that he may plead with Shylock (for the melancholy merchant has not lost the joy of living) might perhaps have connived at his escape, but he would regard such flight as treason to the city. He feels towards Venice as Jacopo Foscari did, though unlike him he had not known the bitterness of exile:

> "Ah, you never yet
> Were far away from Venice, never saw
> Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
> While every furrow of the vessel's track
> Seem'd ploughing deep into your heart; you never
> Saw day go down upon your native spires
> So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
> And after dreaming a disturbèd vision
> Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not."

Like Jacopo Foscari, Antonio, if he is to die, will die at home. He returns to his cell, somewhat cheered by the thought that the real secret of Shylock's hatred lies in the good deeds he has done by delivering the poor. Venice, like Bassanio, has cause to speak him fair in death.

### Antonio's Part in the Trial Scene.

Critics agree that for a right understanding of the trial scene, and especially of Antonio's place in it, very much depends on the by-play. We must read between the lines much more carefully than in the rest of the drama. Thus we are left to imagine the meeting of Bassanio with his friend before the entry of the ducal

train into the courthouse. Three months have passed since they separated on board the ship that took Bassanio to Belmont. One has been lifted in that interval to the height of joy and triumph; the other, pale and wasted, stands now on the edge of the grave.

The Duke, as he takes his seat in Court, turns eagerly to look for the merchant.

"What, is Antonio here?"

The prisoner's reply, "Ready, so please your Grace," strikes the note of heroic patience which he maintains to the end. The chief men of Venice have pleaded for him with his bitter foe. In the court he meets no cruel glance save Shylock's. The Duke himself seems to be thinking how kind a heart it is that must be stilled so soon. Yet, as in duty bound, he warns the defendant to expect no mercy. Before permitting the Jew to enter, he tests Antonio's spirit, and the lofty resignation of the suffering man's reply must have deepened the affection of his fellow-citizens.

I have sometimes wondered why Antonio, a few lines further on, utters the figurative speech:

"I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.
. . . . . .
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven."

Such copiousness of rhetoric is new in him. May not the explanation be that he is thinking of dearly-loved scenes which he can never hope to revisit—of the Adriatic tide flowing in upon the Lido, and the pine woods on the under-slopes of the snow-peaks that look on Venice? His mind, it is clear, strays far from the hot and crowded court-room.

As a proof of the nervous tension of the merchant as the trial proceeds, note that he twice appeals for a quick sentence.

It is true, as Professor Moulton says, that Nemesis is falling on the victim as well as on the oppressor, but how different is the position of the two men. During the long agony of the trial, a heavenly light rests on the merchant's worn features. He is "armed and well prepared" to expiate by a death of torture and ignominy the one fault of his life—the failure to rise above conventional standards in his treatment of the Jews. Professor Moulton, who blames this fault so severely, recognises the pathos of the dying speech of Antonio, "calmly welcoming death for himself, anxious only to soften Bassanio's remorse, his last human passion a rivalry with Portia for the love of his friend."

Shakespeare's real conception of Shylock will probably never be reasserted on the stage, nor can we wish for such a thing. But even now, in the hands of a skilful actor, the moment of deepest emotion should be that in which—while the hall is buzzing with joy over Portia's sudden turning of the tables upon Shylock—Antonio, giddy and bewildered under the sharp revulsion of feeling, scarcely realising that he is snatched from death to life, leans his head on Bassanio's breast. Our thoughts in the supreme crisis are not with Shylock in his discomfiture, or with his tormentor Gratiano, but with Antonio as he stands with face hidden, hardly conscious of what is passing around him. Observe that he does not speak a word between his tender farewell to his friend and Portia's enquiry as to what mercy he can render Shylock. That rouses him, and immediately his thoughts turn to others. He remembers Lorenzo and Jessica, takes them under his guardianship and provides for their future. When the ordeal is finally over, he seems to act rather on the impulse of others than from his own volition. He would have been the last person left in the court-room if Bassanio had not proposed to accompany him home.

With this swift and unexpected deliverance we may compare that of Henry Morton in "Old Mortality," saved from Claverhouse's vengeance by the intercession of Lord Evandale. We read that Morton, after his rescue, "experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricane of passion, and no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Claverhouse, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and disappointed love."

Not so with Antonio. His utterly unselfish nature finds its joy in the happiness of his friends, and we can guess that the talk, as he and Bassanio set out to "fly towards Belmont," was worthy of the calm of "such a night."

If the windows of a cathedral were to be filled with figures representing the noblest characters in literature, a place should be found for Antonio the Merchant not far from the East-end. He is worthy to be near the saints, and these lines of the Psalmist might have been written for him: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place? . . . . He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not, he that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward of the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved."

# CLASSICS OF THE NURSERY: OR, THE DEVELOPMENT OF BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By Thomas Seccombe.

THE taste for books specially designed for children is a late and artificial one. With the exception of horn books and reading books hardly anything of the kind was provided until the eighteenth century was well advanced. Nursery rhymes and nursery stories were, of course, repeated to children and learnt by them, but these were of immemorial origin and were handed down orally and by tradition. When they were exhausted there were stories from the Old Testament to fall back upon, and then came hymns linked to simple tunes, the elemental music of children, rounds, posies and country songs. In William III.'s reign the great John Locke came to the conclusion that much needed doing in England in regard to a more rational system of education for the young. Under Queen Anne, Dr. Isaac Watts, a Nonconformist divine, son of a Southampton boarding-school master, set to work upon some instruction books and collections of simple straightforward hymns for young people. He was an adept at handling metres for this purpose, and many of his hymns, both high grade and low grade, are still familiarly heard among us. The poet William Cowper surpassed him both in vivacity and precision of phrasing, and in metrical skill in such little gems (which children always love) as "John Gilpin," "The Retired Cat," and "The Dog and the Water Lily." It would be impossible to say precisely whether Cowper aimed at young people or their elders when he composed these little masterpieces. But it points to the fact that children whose taste is pure and unsophisticated always like the best in literature, as long as it is simple and direct and unembarrassed by complex sentiments, such as love or the less obvious kind of pathos, irony or satire, of which they have no appreciation or understanding whatever. It follows that children are able to find ample nutriment in the general body of adult literature without having a special library or a particular kind of book manufactory provided for their benefit at all. The average child of from seven to fourteen, for whose benefit so many presses are nowadays kept working, is perfectly content to browse upon the "Arabian Nights," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," "Quentin Durward," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Life of Franklin," "Midshipman Easy," "Kidnapped," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Westward Ho," "The Last Days of Pompeii," Southey's "Nelson," "Undine," "Bevis," "Tom Sawyer," "Huck Finn," "Monte Christo," "Notre Dame," or even "Jane Eyre," better than all, perhaps, "Gulliver's Travels," though it can hardly be said that one of these books, and least of all the last, was written with a special view to captivating the "little ones." As long as the surface is sufficiently alluring the child is not repelled, but rather the reverse, by the feeling that there are depths below, with the fathoming of which it is quite unconcerned. Many children, or at any rate not a few, have insensibly acquired poetic feeling—have even become poets while absorbing "The Faerie Queene" or "Paradise Lost" in this semi-somnolent manner.

We have attempted, in part at any rate, to explain what we meant by calling the Child's Book an artificial product. Children, of course, are always fond of pictures, and can hardly be provided with too many, but, apart from this, their demand for a special literature of their own is to some degree problematical. Artificially fostered by the publisher, however, and artfully stimulated by the Christmas bookseller, the demand for children's books grows with the supply and has established itself as a power to be reckoned with by the literary producer. One peculiarity of the children's demand is that it has to operate through the pockets of grown-up persons; and the result is the creation of a many tentacled, abnormally clever and ingenious form of literature, which has at the same time to arrest the attention of adults and to adapt itself to their more or less conventional idea of what is suitable for or agreeable to children. Among other consequences of these conditions it may be noticed (1) that a great proportion of successful children's books have been prompted by publishers; (2) that success in them is more than is usually the case with books "a lottery." As was the case with Racine when he produced "Esther" and "Athalie," the writer for the *jeune personne* at the present day has to satisfy two audiences, and to do this under various cramping restrictions. Only a great adept or a very fortunate and skilfully guided person can win through with a prize, but the reward has special temptations as well as special difficulties of its own, and the final result is that one of the keenest competitions centres round this branch of literature—the toy-shop of letters.

The genesis of the Children's Book as we know it at the present day may possibly be traced to the avidity with which the early Georgian boy fixed upon "Robinson Crusoe" from the year of its first appearance in 1719. The result was a number of commercial imitations such as the "Swiss Family Robinson" (a very German Robinson Crusoe indeed). But a much earlier imitation, and one more interesting to us, is the queer anonymous compilation called "The Hermit: or the unparalleled sufferings and surprising adventures of Mr. Philip Quarll, an Englishman who was recently discovered by Mr. Dorrington upon an uninhabited island in the South Sea. London, 1727."

The book was a manifest imitation of "Robinson Crusoe" for young readers, even down to Man Friday, who is represented by a large anthropoid ape. "Philip Quarll," however, was a marked success, and slow as the booksellers were to appreciate the bearings of it, there

was henceforth never a time but one or more kept the juvenile market steadily in view. The first to do so with any success was John Newbery. A book, pill and powder seller in St. Paul's Churchyard, whither the tribe migrated when expelled from Little Britain, Newbery was the projector of the *Public Ledger* ("Citizen of the World") and the *Literary Magazine*. Christopher Smart, as well as "Goldy," was among his authors; Griffith Jones, who wrote most of his Lilliputian Magazine, was another, and Giles Jones made a fourth; but who was the Grub Street hackney to crouch under the pseudonyms of "Mr. Winlove" or "Mrs. Lovechild"? Their books have gradually been worn scarce, as has been the case with the "Polite Academy" of 1765, "Holiday Pursuits," "The Adventures of a Pincushion," or "The Perambulations of a Mouse," all of this early period. Who wrote "Giles Gingerbread," "Goody Two-shoes," and "Tommy Trip" for Newbery remains a mystery.* Our own private opinion is that it was most likely "Chris." Smart. However this may have been, there is no doubt that Newbery was the great purveyor of children's books to his generation. But these "classics of the nursery," as Lamb calls them, are crude performances at best, and we fear that the young quidnuncs of the present day would regard them as nothing less than savage. With refinement came a mawkish tone and an estranging sense of moral responsibility — witness the tales of Mrs. Barbauld, Hannah More, Joanna Baillie, Lucy Peacock, Mrs. Fenwick ("The Rudiments of Good Manners"), Elizabeth Hamilton ("The Cottagers of Glenburnie"), and the excellent Elizabeth, known as "Mrs. Trimmer," whose "History of the Robins" (in which baby redbreasts discourse in Johnsonian English) first appeared in 1786.† Concurrently, as was natural, a strong (but unavailing) effort was made to cram such works as "Rasselas," the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "Paul and Virginia" down the throats of inarticulate innocence. The climax of didacticism was reached, perhaps, with Thomas Day. Born in 1748, the son of a man who had amassed a considerable fortune in the Customs, Day, both at Oxford and during his subsequent travels, allowed his mind to dwell upon the nature of wealth and the conditions of his inheritance, and he is one of the first men in England of whom we have record who deliberately treated "Ricos Hombres" as trustees for the community. He was profoundly struck by Rousseau's "Emile,' and he imbibed a great many of the author's ideas on the subject of education. Among English writers he had something in common with Dr. Johnson, more with Benjamin Franklin, while he anticipated to the full Borrow's dislike of the mad puppy gentility, and entertained a sincere contempt for "polite society." In order to expound his views of rational education, and to illustrate the value he set upon native worth and independence of character, he invented the pleasant fable of Mr. Barlow and his two pupils, Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton. The first part of "The History of Sandford and Merton" appeared in 1783, and was duly followed by a second part in 1786 and a third in 1789. Through all the unimpeachable morality of Day's quiet narrative and the edifying stories which he interpolates, the unregenerate may still find an uncloyed pleasure in the picture of the vain and pampered little Tommy's "discomfitures." The chapters in which are described Tommy's brilliant entrance into fashionable society, his gross treatment of Harry and their subsequent reconciliation, have rarely been surpassed for truthfulness and vividness of description among narratives of the kind. The helpless and boastful little boy of this type became a frequent mark for the didactic shafts of the next generation of writers for the young.* The best work of the kind by far which emerged during the remaining twelve years of the eighteenth century was that of Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849). She had a father who was as much of a doctrinaire in his way as Thomas Day himself, and in her juvenile books, such as the "Parent's Assistant" of 1786, she allowed him to mould the work, and even to introduce propagandist

**The Frontispiece from the York Library Edition of "Gulliver's Travels."**
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell and Sons.)

* "The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes" first appeared in April, 1765. A fine collection of early Children's Books at South Kensington Museum was made by Mr. E. H. Coleridge.

† More generally appreciated than any of their tales were the "Hymns in Prose" and "Early Lessons" of Mrs. Barbauld, and the "Evenings at Home," to which she contributed, though the lion share, including in all probability the familiar apologue of "Eyes and No Eyes" (imitated by Kingsley in "Madam How and Lady Why") fell to her brother, John Aikin, 1747-1822, the "General Biographer." The point, however, has been much contested, and it is held by some that Mrs. B. contributed "all the best things."

* The singularity of Day's benevolence has been a little obscured by the eccentricity of his character. We hear more of his firing pistols at the petticoats of his fiancée, or dropping sealing wax upon her bare arms in order to test her fortitude, than of his personal expenditure upon deserving objects of charity, his thorough generosity, and the happiness which he managed to diffuse about him. He brought so complete a brightness into the life of the woman he eventually married, that upon his accidental death from the kick of a horse on September 28th, 1789, after eleven years of married life, she refused all comfort, pined away and died.

**Great games of chariot-racing, cock-fighting, and bolstering went on in the vacant space.**
(Reproduced from "Tom Brown's Schooldays," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

passages of his own. In "Harry and Lucy," "Moral Tales," and "Popular Tales" (and in such stories as that of "Rosamund and the Purple Jar," which has remained a nursery favourite from that day to this) she exhibits a more independent judgment as to the requirements of children, and a discrimination so nice in detecting traits of character and shades of disposition that, for all their primness, her stories have retained an honest popularity among the loyal and conservative ranks of the little people.

The best verse probably that was ever written expressly for children came from the household of the Taylors of Ongar within a few years of Maria Edgeworth's first essays. The schoolroom at Ongar, like that at Haworth fifty years later, was quite a little book factory. The dangerous secrets of compilation were no secrets at all where the grandparents were engraving, drawing for, or binding books, the parents writing and designing them, the children sewing sheets, pasting backs and testing the contents. In the intervals of lessons in bookmaking, fortification, and the use of the globes, Nancy and Jenny Taylor versified their work, their play, their tiffs with their brother, or their request to dear papa to allot them a garden. In 1803 (Ann being then twenty-one and Jane only twenty), on the strength of some verses seen in an annual Pocket Book, which seemed to him to have the right ring, the representative of the Newbery of the day, Messrs. Darton and Harvey, of Gracechurch Street, "for self and partner," wrote to invite some children's verses from the pens of the sisters. The two young damsels called in the aid of a girl friend of the mature age of twenty-seven, named Adelaide O'Keefe, and the result early in 1804 was "Original Poems for Infant Minds," "By several young persons." A second instalment appeared in 1805. Among the best remembered poems are "George and the Chimney Sweep" and "Never Play with Fire," by Adelaide; "Meddlesome Matty," "The Last Dying Speech and Confession of Poor Puss," and "My Mother," by Ann; and "The Cow and the Ass" (almost worthy of La Fontaine), by Jane. Jane (who had really the most talent of the trio) came out stronger in "Rhymes for the Nursery" of 1806, containing the universally known "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and attaining upon the whole to a higher level of poetic quality. But she never got much farther than this, and her later attempts, mostly in heroic couplets, though far from contemptible, essay nothing beyond what had already been well achieved by Crabbe. The three young songsters of 1803 were especially clever at cantering or trisyllabic verse, of which, as an example, we might do worse than select the first stanza of Jane's quaint "Employment":

> "Who'll come here and play with me under the tree?
> My sisters have left me alone:
> Ah! sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,
> And play with me while they are gone."

They were apt, too, to perceive and apply Cowper's rules as to the necessity of little verse being spick and span, the acme of trimness and neatness. It is essential for the *menus plaisirs* of poetry to be as delicate and as dainty as art and polish can make them.

As writers of poetry for children, says a connoisseur,* the Taylors have never been excelled or equalled. "They occupy, indeed, a position peculiar in our literature. Inspired children's books we have in some profusion, but the 'Original Poems' is the only one that I can call to mind which was written immediately for children by authors who were from first to last authors for children only. 'The Pilgrim's Progress' was to be a spiritual guide for adults; 'Robinson Crusoe' was of the nature of a literary hoax; 'Gulliver's Travels' was to be a savage commentary on the littleness of man (pleasant to think of the trick played upon Swift by his genius!); the 'Tales from Shakespeare' were the task work of a great humourist and his sister; the 'Book of Nonsense' was the play of a painter; and the 'Alice' books were the recreation of a mathematician. Among the children's books which have stood, and will stand, the test of time the 'Original Poems' is, I believe, the only one of the first order which was written for children by authors who were concerned only for the entertainment of little people. Hence we must judge their work by a different standard than the books which have become juvenile classics by accident. Defoe, Swift, Bunyan stumbled upon their nursery popularity; the Taylors toiled for it."

*Mr. E. V. Lucas.

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Among other detached little pieces destined to achieve a signal prosperity in the ears of the small people must just be mentioned Southey's naive little story of "The Three Bears" (which first appeared with other frivolities in *The Doctor* of 1836), Roscoe's "Butterfly's Ball" (1807), a reverberation of Drayton's immortal "Nimphidia," which in its turn provoked a number of distant entomological echoes, Alicia Mant's "Tales for Ellen" (1825), and Catherine Sinclair's "Holiday House" (1839). One of the best of these insectoria is Mary Howitt's "Will you walk into my parlour? said the Spider to the Fly." Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter" and other pietistic "Annals of the Poor" date from 1809.

Among the direct imitators of the "Original Poems" by the young persons named Taylor and O'Keefe must be numbered Charles and Mary Lamb, the success of whose "Poetry for Children," written for the publishing firm of Mrs. Godwin in 1809, led indirectly to their invitation by Godwin to carry out the publisher's design of a collection of stories based upon the plots of Shakespeare's plays. The Lambs were not encumbered with a knowledge of the Italian originals or oppressed with a sense of their responsibility to Shakespeare. They aim at giving a general impression of the story of the play, and do so in a language and style which has made each of their stories a stepping-stone delectable in itself, and alluring the young reader insensibly to the real thing. Closely akin to the juvenile poetry by the Lambs are the "Pretty Lessons in Verse for Good Children," produced by Sara Coleridge about 1840. Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, famous for her "Cautionary Stories" in slender volumes somewhat delusively entitled "The Daisy," "The Cowslip," "The Crocus," "The Pink," "The Rose," developed didactic verse upon Taylorian lines with an even more finished technique, anticipating the awe-inspiring effect of Dr. Hoffman's "Struwwelpeter":

> "Thy Peter was a beacon light
> To guide my erring footsteps right. . . .
> For what deters me from the fun
> Of mocking Afric's ebon sun
> (A kind of sport to which my mind
> Is naturally much inclined),
> But recollection of the ill
> Befalling Arthur, Ned, and Will. . . .
> Or who without a thrill can scan
> The awful red-legged scissorman."

A return to a more whimsical, childlike, and irresponsible vein of nursery lyric is seen in "Lilliput Levee" (1864), and other lilliputian lyrics of the "Lilliput Laureate," William Brighty Rands, an essayist of very uncertain and unequal touch, in "Henry Holbeach, Student" (1865), and the perpetrator of some delicious jingle:

> "Ba-ba, black wool,
> Have you any sheep?
> Yes, sir, a pack-full,
> Creep, mouse, creep!"

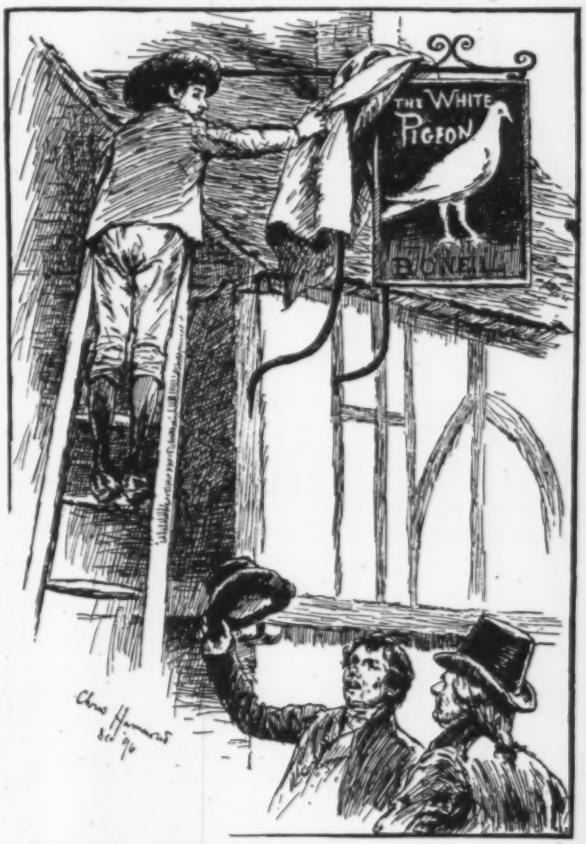
Another genuine lyrist for children of a later day is Walter Ramal, author of

> "I spied John Mouldy in his cellar,
> Deep down twenty steps of stone;
> In the dusk he sat a-smiling,
> Smiling, there, alone,"

in "Songs of Childhood," 1902.

Alongside of the faerie strain of Ramal the humorous note of Eugene Field (1850-1895), a Missouri poet for children and author of "With Trumpet and Drum," well deserves notice. With but a mention of the child's hymns and hymnals, commencing with the anonymous "Lyra Innocentium" (by John Keble) of 1846, and the numerous anthologies from Allingham's "Children's Garland," culminating in "One Thousand Poems for Children" (edited by R. Ingpen), we must hurry breathlessly along.

During the first lustrum of Victoria's reign some excellent stories for young persons proceeded from what might have seemed an unlikely quarter. The daughter of a well-to-do Norwich manufacturer, Harriet Martineau (1802-1876) had been highly educated, and had grown into a hard-headed thinker on philosophical and economic subjects. Forced by monetary losses to earn her own income, she had shown remarkable skill in narrative in her once famous "Illustrations of Political Economy," and had rather disappointed admirers by her somewhat tedious though suggestive novel of "Deerbrook," written in poor spirits when she was on the brink of an illness. She had in the meantime acquired the reputation almost of an ogress in pietistic circles, having developed from what Lamb called a "one-Goddite" into "a female atheist of European reputation." This formidable lady, with an ear trumpet (and not only deaf, but wholly devoid of the senses both of taste and smell), whose very corpse, parsons held,




**The boy pulled off the cover, and saw a white pigeon painted upon the sign.**

*From a Drawing by Chris Hammond.*

(Reproduced from "The Parent's Assistant," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

**"He'd tie a string across the street
Just to entangle people's feet."**

(Reproduced from "Original Poems by Anne and Jane Taylor," by kind permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

would defile a Christian graveyard, produced during 1841, in a volume called "The Playfellow," the four delightful stories, "The Settlers at Home," "Feats on the Fiord," "Peasant and Prince," and "The Crofton Boys." A kindly, capable, helpful and womanly woman—the very reverse of the bony-framed, masculine she-lecturer of pulpit fable and popular superstition—Harriet Martineau had acquired a vast fund of knowledge both of ordinary human conditions and of ordinary human nature. She saw things very clearly, and she realised them in print with the aid of an abnormally clear, unpretending and unambiguous style. She is emphatically a utilitarian and a positivist in her prose. She sets a low value on adornment, but a certain barrenness of style is constantly redeemed by humour. The homespun of the "Crofton Boys," for instance, has not been surpassed in its own line, though the tale of school life has proved the progenitor of a vigorous brood of school stories—the primacy among which would probably be allowed by general consent to "Tom Brown's School Days" (April, 1857). From a Christian Socialist enlisted under the banner of Maurice and Kingsley, as was Tom Hughes (1822-1896), we should naturally expect a somewhat doctrinaire book, nor (whether it be a serious fault or no) can we wholly deny that the gospel of manly English sport and Christian earnestness as conceived in the eighteen-fifties is preached a little too strenuously in "Tom Brown" (even more is this the case in "Tom Brown at Oxford," "The Scouring of the White Horse," or "Religio Laici"). To depict an English public schoolboy in full war paint is a task beyond the reach of art, but Hughes has perhaps more nearly succeeded than any other.

A more entertaining book (inferior only in "moral tone," which counts for so much with the English parent) is the jovial and high-spirited "Frank Fairlegh"* of Frank Smedley, a confirmed invalid, who (like the Governor of Malta in "Midshipman Easy") took a positive delight in the escapades of unregenerate boys. Another merry-hearted book is the "Ernie Elton" (1865) of Mrs. Elizabeth Eiloart; a boy's school-book specially designed for sisters is "The Channings" of Mrs. Henry Wood; "Eric," by the egregious Farrar, almost constitutes an indecent (though from the commercial point of view amazingly clever) assault upon the ignorant susceptibility of the British matron. More credible by far are the school stories of T. S. Millington, Ascot R. Hope, H. C. Adams ("Schoolboy Honour," "Westonbury Boys"), and, better still, Talbot Baines Reed ("Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch," "Fifth Form at St. Dominics," 1880-1881). Anstey's delightful "Vice-Versa" cannot any more than Kenneth Grahame's charming silverpoint of "The Golden Age," be described as a boy's school book: is it not, indeed, specifically a Fable for Fathers?

Most of these school stories appeal to girls as well as boys; girls' books have a more restricted audience, for no boy would willingly confess to taking the slightest interest in *them*. They are not seemingly any less numerous on that account. One might trace them in a regular descent from Maria Edgeworth and Mary Martha Sherwood (1775-1851), author of "Little Henry and his Bearer," 1814, and the famous "Fairchild Family" (begun in 1818), on which so many children of the silken reign were brought up, a frostily artificial, narrow, and tedious book, but exhibiting some mysterious insight into the byways and corners of the child's mind. Among the writers for girls who have expanded this narrow bookshelf we can merely enumerate Edward Augustus Kendall, author of "The Crested Wren" (1799) and "Burford Cottage," with original illustrations of a decisive quaintness; Elizabeth Penrose (1780-1837), infamous to generations of little learners as Mrs. Markham; Mrs. Mortimer (1802-1878), authoress of the scarcely less notorious "Line upon Line" (1837); Ann Fraser Tytler, authoress of "Leila on the Island"

* The rollicking, practical joking, Lever-like tone of "Frank Fairlegh" (1850) is also seen in the inimitable "Verdant Green" (1853-6) of "Cuthbert Bede," an extraordinary performance for a young parson who never was himself an Oxonian. Edward Bradley (1827-1889), who adopted his pen names from the two patron saints of his own university of Durham, never again approached the level of vivacity he maintained in "Verdant Green." "The Cambridge Freshman," by James Rice, is a poor imitation; more amusing is the semi-satirical sketch of Verdant's grandson in "Downy V. Green" (a Rhodes scholar from U.S.A.) at Oxford. Another entertaining book, not overburdened by Rugbeian earnestness, is "Seven Years at Eton," "edited by James Brinsley-Richards," 1883. To give an idea of the extensive library inspired by a single public school we refer the reader to the 132 pages of "An Eton Bibliography," by L V. Harcourt, 1002.

(1839), and its continuations; Julia Corner (1798-1875), the children's dramatist; Mary Sewell (1797-1884), the writer of "Walks with Mamma"; Catherine Crowe (1800-1876), the author of "The Night Side of Nature," who published her "Susan Hopley," or the adventures of a domestic servant, in 1841, and afterwards adapted "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for children; Grace Aguilar (1816-1847), well known still for at least three well written books, "Home Influence," "A Mother's Recompense," and "The Vale of Cedars"; Charlotte Maria Tucker (1821-1893), a writer unsurpassed either as regards the number or the obtrusive morality of her tales under the signature A.L.O.E.; Mary Frere, authoress of the beautiful Indian fairy legends known as "Old Deccan Days" (1868); Charlotte Yonge (1823-1902), unspeakably dear to girlish memories as author of "The Daisy Chain" and "The Heir of Redcliffe," 1853; Florence Montgomery ("Misunderstood," 1869) and Maria Louisa Charlesworth ("Ministering Children," 1854), hardly less dear to young ladies who enjoy "a good cry"; Juliana Horatia Ewing (1841-1885), who touched the chivalric and pathetic chords so exquisitely in "Jackanapes," though even this is surpassed, say some, by "Brownies" and "Lob Lie-by-the-Fire"; Hesba Stretton ("Jessica's First Prayer") and Catherine Augusta Walton ("A Peep Behind the Scenes" and "Christie's Old Organ"), later performers in something of the same strain; Anna Sewell (1820-1878), the St. George of the fight against bearing-reins in "Black Beauty," 1877, and her sister, the veteran Elizabeth Missing Sewell, the author of "Amy Herbert" and "Laneton Parsonage," the frequency of which in nursery collections bespeaks an enormous popularity in days gone by; Mrs. Mary Louisa Molesworth, who gave us the delightful "Children's Hour," "Carrots," "Cuckoo Clock," and "Herr Baby"; Emma Marshall (1830-1899), who fitted romances well adapted for readers of L.E.L. and Mrs. Hemans to so many of the "stately fanes" and "stately halls" of England; Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan" and "We Two"; Mrs. Muloch (afterwards Craik), famous in the strenuous sixties for "John Halifax, Gentleman"; Rosa Nouchette Carey, Emma Jane Worboise, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Sarah Doudney, L. T. Meade; these are the names of a few aspirants, that is all. The names of such inspirers and designers and compilers of children's and fairy books as Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, Judge Parry, Charles H. Bennett,* and Andrew Lang ought also to be mentioned in this connection.

Inspired writers for children are perhaps few, and most writers of genius in this department are not likely to confine their attention to it. Of such writers, for instance, as Charles Kingsley and his delightful "Water Babies," of Stevenson, Kipling, Christina Rossetti and William Blake one has to speak elsewhere. Nature books for children on the lines first, perhaps, broadly indicated by Kingsley (in "Glaucus" and "Madam How and Lady Why") have become very popular and have gone far. The biological boys and girls of the present day will probably be severe censors of the brief list which we submit in all humility. After Kingsley we should be disposed to put Richard Jefferies, author of such books as "Bevis"; Arabella Buckley, writer of the "Fairyland of Science"; Margaret Gatty ("Aunt Judy"), authoress of "Parables from Nature"; Frank Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History"; John George Wood, author of "Homes without Hands" (1865) and numerous derivative books on "Common Objects" of earth, sea, and air; Mrs. Brightwen, whose work is described so well as "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," eclipsed in literary style as it is by W. W. J. Stillman's beautiful idyll of two pet squirrels in "Billy and Hans" (1897)*; or by W. H. Hudson's naturalist's legend of "A Little Boy Lost"; J. E. Taylor is another writer

* The sympathetic books owe something perhaps in derivation as regards their general tone from the finely conceived "Huon, or the Magic of Kindness," of the Mayhew brothers. Erratic Animalism is delightfully delineated by Kipling in the "Jungle Books" and "Just-so Stories," and Belloc in his "Bad Child's Book of Beasts."

**Mrs. Grace taught me to sew and Mrs. Penelope taught me to read.**

(Reproduced from "The Fairchild Family," by kind permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

* Among Bennett's early efforts were his illustrations to Henry Morley's "Fairy Tales" of 1865. Have these been surpassed?

who imparts an almost human interest to the vegetable world in such books as "The Sagacity and Morality of Plants"; Henry James Slack did the same kind of thing for the "Marvels of Pond Life," 1861; in "Owd Bob," 1898, we imagine that Alfred Ollivant has given boyhood its best dog story; and an almost inspired (but some say ultra-anthropomorphic) animal story-teller has been found in these later days in H. Seton Thomson.

Of Cooper and Hawthorne we need not speak here, but of children's books in America just below the inspired quality there has been a rich abundance. The "Little Women" and "Little Men" stories of Louisa Alcott (1832-1888) have never been surpassed for girls. The popularity of "The Wide, Wide World," 1851, and "Queechy," by Elizabeth Wetherell (Susan Warner, 1819-1885) was emphatically an international one. Even more is this the case with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1852), a book which has become a kind of standard of popularity. Hardly less popular and more enduring are the "Uncle Remus" tales (1880) of Joel Chandler Harris, the "Rollo" or "Franconia" stories of Jacob Abbott; nor must we quite forget to record "The Lamplighter" (1854) of Maria Cummins (1827-1866), the "Jack Hazard" tales of the genial veteran, J. T. Trowbridge, or the outrageously and superlatively sentimental and delightful songs of Stephen Collins Foster (1826-1864), including "Way down upon the Swanee River," "Poor Old Joe," "Come where my love lies dreaming."*

We must revert finally to England, and speak of two quite unique writers for children, writers for children only, and quite unrivalled in their own demesne.

The first of these is Edward Lear (1812-1888), who started life as a London artist selling shop sketches at from 9d. to four shillings apiece, and who between 1842 and 1852 made a discreet reputation for his bird-drawing and travel books. Meanwhile he had served as a private tutor, and had written for the delectation of the future Conservative statesman, the fifteenth Earl of Derby, his "galumphious" "Book of Nonsense" (1846). Further Drawing and Rhymes appeared in 1863, "Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets" in 1871, "More Nonsense" in 1872, and "Laughable Lyrics" in 1877. Devoted to the graphic arts much more than to literature, Lear called himself a nephew of the P.R.B., and his belief for many years was "Study the Works of the Almighty first and Turner next." He once tried hard to elicit some bon mots of the artist from an habitué of Turner's studio. "Can't you tell me something the great man said?" "He never said anything." The tall, melancholy figure of Lear, a bearded Thackeray in loose-fitting garments and round spectacles, was a familiar object of the sea-shore for many years on the French Riviera. He once began a prose recital of his own life, but concluded with "O bother!" and relapsed into the following nonsense verses:

"How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big,
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig.

He has ears and two eyes and ten fingers—
Leastways, if you reckon two thumbs;
Long ago he was one of the singers,
But now he is one of the dumbs.

He sits in a beautiful parlour,
With hundreds of books on the wall;
He drinks a great deal of Marsala,
But never gets tipsy at all.

He has many friends, laymen and clerical;
Old Foss is the name of his cat;
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

When he walks in a waterproof white,
The children run after him so!
Calling out, 'He's come out in his night-
Gown—that crazy old Englishman, oh!'

He weeps by the side of the ocean,
He weeps on the top of the hill;
He purchases pancakes and lotion,
And chocolate shrimps from the mill.

He reads, but he cannot speak Spanish;
He cannot abide gingerbeer—
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!"

Fortunate indeed was the man who could induce him to sit down at the piano and sing "The Pelican Chorus" or "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" with an unfathomable gloom and gravity.

The following are questions from a Lear examination paper originally set in the *Spectator*:—"1. What do you gather from a study of Mr. Lear's works to have been the prevalent characteristics of the inhabitants of Gretna, Prague, Thermopylæ, Wick, and Hong-Kong? 2. State briefly what historical events are connected with Ischia, Chertsey, Whitehaven, Boulak, and Jellibolee. 3. Comment with illustrations upon Mr. Lear's use of the following words: Runcible, propitious, dolomphious, scroobious, borascible, himmeltanious, spongetaneous. . . . 7. Draw pictures of the Plum-Pudding Flea and the Moppsikon Floppsikon Bear, and state by whom waterproof tubs were first used." Lear was always adding "More Nonsense" to his original collection of 1846, from which year the apparition of the Limerick ("There was an old man of Tobago") is dated by the best chronologers. "Nonsense,"* as we know, was carefully cultivated by a Nonsense Club, of which Cowper, Hogarth, and Bonnell Thornton were members in the eighteenth century, but Lear made it his very element, from which he never deviated.

On the hottest day of 1862, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, one of the cleverest Oxford mathematicians of his day, and a don at "the House" (Aedes Christi or Christ Church) rowed three little girls, Lorina, Alice, and Edith Liddell, up the river through the pleasant fields above Oxford towards the first lock above the city of the dreaming spires where stands the ruin of God-

* Immensely popular in America, too, are the quaintly variant series of "Eeny, meeny, meiny, mo" rhymes.

* The pedigree of nonsense as a fine art through Chaucer, Rabelais, Cervantes, Butler, Swift, Cowper, the Smiths, Canning, Lamb, Peacock, Thackeray to the author of "The Yonghy Bonghy Bo," and "The Akond of Swat," is traced in the *Quarterly Review*, October, 1888.

stow nunnery and the Fish Inn, smothered in greenery, famous for its cider cup. The sun was so hot that the party disembarked in the meadows near Godstow, and took refuge from the sweltering heat under a hay rick. The little girls clamoured for a story. An idea for one came to the oarsman like an inspiration; he commenced the story of "Alice's Adventures Underground." A few more such excursions and the story was finished.* It was written down with very few alterations, though the title was changed, first to "Alice's Hour in Elfland" and then to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Under this title as by Lewis Carroll the story appeared in July, 1865. It was followed in 1871 by "Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There." Both achieved success at once, and with the aid of Tenniel's drawings have interpenetrated English life: their freakish cleverness, felicitous directness of phrase, and droll nonsense seem to preclude the idea of rivalry. The nimble-minded, mathematical solitary who invented them remained a don and a celibate all his life—a unique compound of Lamb, Calverley, and Keble in a college recluse—living in the same quadrangle where the wise, fantastic anatomist of melancholy had pondered over the problems of existence, and dying at his sister's house at Guildford on 14th January, 1898, aged 66.

* "And ever, as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
'The rest next time'—'It *is* next time!'
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun."

Of the vast multitude of average boys' books, diminutive novels with the love interest eliminated, who shall tell the tale! Several of the writers such as Lever, Cooper, Marryat, Henty, Kipling, Haggard, Verne, and H. G. Wells are on the borderland. More and more names keep tumbling out of the memory. Lady Callcott's "Little Arthur," Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," George Macdonald's "Dealings with the Fairies," Marryat's "Children of the New Forest" and "Masterman Ready," not to speak of his "Settlers in Canada," Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray" and "We are Seven," Southey's "The Inchcape Bell" and "Life of Nelson." Who shall number the boys' books of W. H. Kingston (1814-1880), R. M. Ballantyne (1825-1894), or G. Manville Fenn? Such men worthily upheld the tradition and renewed the triumphs of the redoubtable Mayne Reid (1818-1883), the immortal chronicler of "The Scalp Hunters," "The Wood Rangers," "The Vee Boers," and "The Headless Horseman." Writing for children is a most difficult art and needs specialised faculties. Yet every dexterous writer of the day seems to feel a need at some period or another of going into the Kinder-garten and lisping in prose or verse to please that despotic arbiter of what is "jolly" and what is "rotten," the modern boy or the modern girl. Who in these days has not written a Children's Book? It is a difficult question. The small reader of the twentieth century is omni-voracious. If, however, the schoolroom library does not already contain the Plays of Bernard Shaw or the Poems of George Meredith, I should not go out of my way to recommend them for quite young children. Beyond this, I shall abstain from all advice to intending purchasers; and from this resolution nothing shall move me.

# THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## DECEMBER, 1905.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book in the December number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will always be given to quotations having a humorous significance.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best list of twenty "Classics for Children"—ten for girls and ten for boys of any age up to fourteen years. The books may be of any date, ancient or modern. The prize will be awarded to the sender of the list which corresponds most nearly with that deducible from an analysis of the various answers received.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the correct solution of the following question.

In the dedications of what famous books do the following sentences occur?

(1) "None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life."
(2) "Inscribed in friendship to Marmaduke Thompson, of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge."
(3) "It is the peculiar privilege of an author to rob terror of contempt, and pusillanimity of reproach."
(4) "I like to recall your great goodness and kindness . . . at that time, when kindness and friendship were most needed and welcome."
(5) "This book in its progress has recalled often to my memory a man with whose friendship we were once honoured, to whom no region of English literature was unfamiliar."
(6) "I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication."

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to make use of any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Mr. ALEX.

A Rosebud garden of Girls with the adjacent Professors
Professor Simpson's introductory Dairies
Patient and Attentive Hearing
The Clerk to the Senate
Milton's Memorable Vision
Educated Intellectual Youth of Scotland
Act and Diplomatic L.L.D
And Miss Scott on Austrian Sabre
When the Field of Marengo was

**A Drawing from A. S. Boyd's "Glasgow Men and Women."**

RUNCIMAN, 6, St. Mark's Place, Portobello, Edinburgh.

THE MIDDLE AGE INTERPRETED.
("Essays on Medieval Literature." By W. P. KER. 5s. net.)
"A crown's worth of good interpretation. There 'tis, boy."
*Hen. IV.*, Pt. 2, II., 2, 99.

The following are other good answers received this month:—

CAPTAINS ALL. By W. W. JACOBS.
"A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."—*L. L. L.*, II. 1.
(R. ARKELL, 40, Osborne Villas, Hove.)

LIVING RACES OF MANKIND (Hutchinson).
"Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time."
*Merchant of Venice*, I., 1.
(Mrs. BURNS, 73, Maison Dieu Road, Dover.)

F. FRANKFORT MOORE, "Author and Automobilist."
"The Moor! I know his trumpet!"—*Othello*, II., 1.
(J. L. DORAN, 41, St. Patrick's Road, Drumcondra, Dublin.)

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.
"Best List of Alternative Titles."

"I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought."—*Hen. IV.*, Pt. I., 1, 2.
(Miss A. G. MCINTOSH, Ivy Cottage, Brechin.)

CARICATURE OF F. FRANKFORT MOORE. By A. S. BOYD.
"The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave."
*Othello* IV., 2, 159.
(Miss K. H. RIDDELL, 12, Ventnor Terrace, Edinburgh.)

ILLUSTRATIONS TO "CAPTAINS ALL."
"They have left their barge and landed."—*Hen. VIII.*, 1, 3.
(Miss G. THOMAS, Trevose, Wrexham.)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. By Sir W. ARMSTRONG.
"I have heard of your paintings."—*Hamlet.*
(Miss J. E. MACDONALD, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

THE BIBLE AND CHRISTIAN LIFE. By WALTER LOCK, D.D.

"That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps Locks in the golden story."
*Rom. and Jul*, I., 3.

(Dr. A. BARNES, 1, Charlemont Street, Dublin.)

THE BOOKMAN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection."—*Measure for Measure*, III., 1.

(Mrs. HAYNES, 37, Bromley Common, Kent.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month offered for the best answer to the question:—Name the flower you consider to be "best beloved of the poets," and give twelve quotations from *different* English poets in support of your theory—has been gained by Mrs. RODOLPH STAWELL, Castle Gates, Shrewsbury.

The answers to this competition, by far the most popular we have yet submitted, numbered some hundreds. Next to the daisy, the rose was an easy second. The other flowers suggested were the violet, the lily, the daffodil, and the cowslip.

Space does not permit us to quote from the many excellent lists of quotations received. Many competitors erroneously thought a quotation relevant if it merely mentioned the name of the flower concerned. Many others disqualified themselves by ignoring the fact that no two quotations were to be from the same poet.

The two next best lists were received from Mrs. PLATT, 4, Melrose Avenue, Willesden Green, and H. NASH, Ballymarth Rectory, Ballinhassey, Co. Cork.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA offered for the best list of six desirable unwritten books (other than "Marvell's Life of Milton") has been gained by L. M. C., Hampstead. N.W. The prize-winner is requested to send full name and address.

SIX DESIRABLE UNWRITTEN BOOKS.

(1) Shakespeare's Autobiography.
(2) The Elizabethan Dramatists. By John Dryden.
(3) Life of Oliver Goldsmith. By Samuel Johnson.
(4) The Diary of Marie Antoinette.
( ) London. By Charles Lamb.
(6) Literary Recollections. By Edward FitzGerald.

Other interesting lists were submitted by Mrs. Platt, 4, Melrose Avenue, Willesden Green; E. Elias, Blackacre Road, Theydon Bois, Essex; S. H., 43, Blythe Hill Lane, Catford; E. Thompson, 4, Hurst Road, Rectory Manor, Walthamstow; Cecil Case, 27, Faraday Road, N. Kensington; Mrs. A. Rogers, Knock, Co. Down; F. J. Brimley, 18, Grove Road, Leytonstone.

From the lists of the above-mentioned we append the following suggestions:—

A History of English Poetry. By S. T. Coleridge and Charles Lamb
Life of Charles II. By Samuel Pepys.
The Capture of Port Arthur. By G. W. Steevens.
Life of Cromwell. By John Milton.
Borgia's Theory and Practice of Toxicology.
Memoirs of Napoleon. By his Valet.
My Wives and their Relation to Religious Problems. By Henry VIII
A Literary History of Edinburgh. By Andrew Lang.
The Rise and Progress of the British Empire. By Edward Gibbon.
Macaulay: A Study. By Robert Montgomery and John Wilson Croker.

# New Books.

## SIR THOMAS BROWNE.*

Few of our great prose writers have exercised so potent a spell over their votaries as the author of "Religio Medici"; and his biography, presented to us by Mr. Gosse with admirable insight and sympathy, is perhaps the most welcome of the recent additions to the "English Men of Letters" series. The life of Browne, to himself "a miracle . . . . which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry," was singularly uneventful in its outward tenour; its charm, like the charm of those writings that gave it full and melodious utterance, lies in its unique quality, its isolation from the fever and the fret which no others in that age seemed able to escape. While Jeremy Taylor upheld with fervid eloquence the cause of King and Church, while Milton was fighting for that liberty which seemed to him the greatest thing on earth, with indomitable courage, with the fire of an enthusiast and with the fierceness of a controversialist, Browne, the only one of their contemporaries who can be mentioned beside them, went his way alone, apparently untouched by the struggle that was rending the whole nation. He lived the life of a quiet country doctor, noting the antiquarian remains of the neighbourhood, studying the birds and fishes and all the natural phenomena of the district, investigating any strange problem on the borders of science and fable that he came across either in his wide and curious reading or in the popular superstitions of the day. His more passionate contemporaries, when they noted him at all, must have wondered how, if he was truly sincere, he could stand aloof from controversy, and they probably set him down as a Galleo, who cared for none of these things; later critics, observing how his attitude to science is permeated with love of mystery, how ready he is to pursue wandering fires, and to turn his attention to problems either unsolvable or else admitting of an obvious solution in the negative, have thought poorly of him as a scientific investigator. Neither point of view is just; for he is only appreciated as a mystic of a peculiar kind, a patient investigator of science as it was then understood, but fascinated by it not because it dissipated the mysteries of life, but rather because it revealed profounder mysteries behind—a student of Nature because Nature was to him the art of God; one who did not engage in the bitter strife of party and attempt to settle the problems of the outer world, because the problems which he found within his own soul were greater than he could ever settle on this side of the grave. The ejaculation with which he closes a discussion of the Copernican system is eminently characteristic. "We are not afraid to believe it to be literally said of the wisdom of God, what men will have but figuratively spoken of the works of Christ, that if the wonders thereof were duly described, the whole world would not contain them. For as His wisdom is infinite, so cannot the due expression of them be finite, and if the world comprise them not, neither can it comprise the story of Him." It is true that in science he was the disciple of Bacon. But where Bacon resolutely set himself to keep as distinct as possible the worlds of science and religion, Browne's one aim was to fuse them inseparably; that science might reveal wonders that religion alone could comprehend, and that religious faith might find, in the revelations of science, a wider world wherein to display its energies and its vitality. His greatest delight was to pose himself with apparent discrepancies between fact and faith, to put himself unanswerable questions, and to exult in human inability to cope with them. "I can read," he tells us, "the history of the pigeon that was sent out of the ark and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behind; that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where, in the interim, his soul awaited; or raise a law case whether his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed unto him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no plea or title to his former posses-

* "English Men of Letters: Sir Thomas Browne." By Edmund Gosse. 2s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

sions. Whether Eve was formed out of the left side of Adam, I dispute not; because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man, or whether there be any such distinction in nature. That she was edified out of the rib of Adam I believe; yet raise no question who shall arise with that rib at the resurrection. . . . Thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop into the lure of faith."

Indeed, Browne's whole attitude of mind was essentially paradoxical. He united the speculative, enquiring spirit of the later Renaissance with that spirit of imaginative wonder characteristic of its earlier stages, whilst both are permeated with the reverent mysticism, even the religious ecstasy, of the mediæval saint. It is a combination for which we look in vain outside Sir Thomas Browne, which is baffling and elusive even when we find it in him, as he is revealed in that perfect spiritual autobiography, the "Religio Medici." And his egoism, for which he has sometimes been blamed, as though an autobiography could ever be anything but egotistical, was, as Coleridge, his finest critic, remarked, "the natural and becoming egoism of a man who, loving others as himself, gains the habit and privilege of talking of himself as familiarly as of other men. Fond of the curious, a hunter of oddities and strangeness, whilst he conceives himself, with quaint and restless gravity, a useful enquirer into physical truth and fundamental science, he loved to contemplate and discuss his own thoughts and feelings, because he found that *they*, too, were curiosities; and so with a perfectly graceful, interesting ease he put *them*, too, into his museum and cabinet of rarities. In very truth he was not mistaken: so completely did he see everything in a light of his own, reading nature neither by sun, moon, or candle light, but by the fairy light of the glory around his own head." And it is, as Coleridge has beautifully put it, "by the fairy light of the glory around his own head" that we must read the works of Browne. How else is he to be understood? He sees nothing as other men see it, and the reasons by which he supports his position are never such as would have occurred to another mind. What imagination but his would have explained the ecstasy with which he contemplates eternity, by its contrast with the familiarity of time—"Time we may comprehend; *'tis but five days older than ourselves*, and hath the same horoscope with the world"? And this strange vision of Browne's leads him often enough to see the poetry of life where others see only the commonplace, so that he finds constant food for reflection in the sights and sound of every day. His well-known rhapsody upon tavern music, which awakened in him "a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer," is but a revelation of his habitual temper of mind. But the subjects most dear to Browne are death and eternity; for they both baffle the enquiry of science and stir the loftiest aspirations of religion. In "Religio Medici," in "Hydrotaphia," he constantly rises to impassioned meditations on this great mystery of being; and yet his reflections find perhaps their most characteristic utterance in his *Letter to a Friend* on the early death of an intimate associate, rendered all the more striking by reason of the quaintness of its setting. Anyone in the least out of sympathy with Browne would regard his interest in the medical aspect of the case, the conscious parade of curious learning, the references to out-of-the-way analogies, as little calculated to soothe the heart of the bereaved. Yet ever as the writer describes the symptoms of his patient, and calls to memory the effect of the disease on his mind and body, and on the hopes and fears of those who watched beside his bed, the beautiful image of his soft, peaceful death, soft as sleep, rises before him, tranquillising by its influence the sorrows of the afflicted, and making us feel that to Browne at least here was something more mysteriously beautiful, in its sublime repose, than life itself. The personality of Sir Thomas Browne, enshrined in this letter, and in his earlier writings, is a rich possession for all who can enter into their spirit; but what must it have been to converse with him, to be among those whom he loved before himself, and yet felt that he did not love enough? The picture which Mr. Gosse presents of Sir Thomas Browne among his family, his friends, and his disciples reflects the cheerful grace, the quiet, stately charm, with which lovers of the "Religio Medici" and the "Garden of Cyrus" have always associated him; and they will accept this latest portrait with grateful appreciation, as in every way worthy of its great original.

E. DE SELINCOURT.

## THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.*

Mrs. Wharton is essentially a moralist, albeit with the whole modern resolve not to declare herself. "A Gift from the Grave" remains her highest, most complete, and most commanding work, because, in a memorable passage she set her sail to a natural wind. Moral passion swept through the world of that book—direct grief, emotion close to the fact of life, love, indignation, remorse, dishonour, and honour; all the storms of breasts complex, civilised, but incorrupt. In "The House of Mirth" we have to read of the fortunes of a woman full of desires and of self-love, but void of virtue, of passion, and of intellect; and round about her are only lovers of their own ease and supremacy; claimants to the right of a social contemptuousness towards other less fortunate egotists as the salt of life; and graspers of riches as its sweetness. To observe this horde without obvious irritation is a work demanding self-control, and Mrs. Wharton watches them from the sequestered bower of her fine art, taking wide views, keeping her own counsel. It seems strange to say of a novelist who has filled five hundred pages with chosen words that she keeps her own counsel, but it is none the less obviously true of the writer of these five hundred remarkable pages. The keeping of her own counsel is one of the feats of her work. Is it indeed worth doing so well? Or rather, is not the other feat—that of the unlocking of a noble mind—worth doing? In much of her writing we were admitted to recognise her noble mind; we are reluctant to forego an intimacy that we valued. And when Mrs. Wharton goes about to keep her own counsel she does it, as she does everything, extraordinarily well.

Thackeray intended to keep his own counsel as a sentimentalist; but he did not do it well. He assigned the sentiment to certain characters—to women, to Laura Pendennis foremost—and pretended to be a moderately cynical man looking on with a smile; he took for himself, as it were, the part of Arthur Pendennis, whereas he was Laura at heart; and thus easily persuaded the duller readers in their multitude, during two generations, that he was of a cynical turn. But the author of "The House of Mirth" does not reveal herself, even dramatically. She is the greatest thing that a writer of fiction can be—a moralist; but there is no person in this story to bear the charge of the character.

And in this extremity of reserve lurks the one fault of art in the book—that is the indefiniteness of the "better part" which Selden has to offer to the self-loving and money-loving heroine. In the character of this young New York woman, about whom the whole history is written, we recognise two likenesses. She is partly Gwendolen Harleth and partly Hedda Gabler, yet with something modern in the place of Gwendolen's thirst after righteousness, and something intelligible in the place of Hedda's vice and Hedda's despair. Both resemblances therefore are slight. Now, in her slight likeness to Gwendolen Harleth she should have a kind of external conscience in the form of a man—a man at least esteemed, at least admirable. But the man in whom the rôle is just suggested, in "The House of Mirth," is very little estimable. He has borne a part in the "cold obstruction" of the intrigues of man and woman in the world he lives in—a squalid past, we are compelled to see, because of the manner of woman who had been his random mistress. And the better part he shows the heroine, half-heartedly, as a way out of her pursuit of luxury, is vague. If it were definite we are sure it would be inadequate, and Mrs. Wharton ably leaves it in a little cloud. We choose, however, to pause where she passes, and to ask a closer question. All the answer we get is a tender of liberty, and obviously liberty is what the unfortunate egoist, the woman of the New York "world," needs urgently, and all but desperately; but in what liberty does the apostle of this vague apostolate himself abide? We see him in the beloved luxury in which all the persons of the book roll themselves with revolting joy. We cannot imagine Lawrence Selden following liberty into a hard, or a useful, or a wild, or a sacramental life. He sets open, or rather ajar, to the woman who inclines to love him, a door into a better world too dubious for faith, a better world open to nothing but a very justifiable suspicion; and where there is no definite

* "The House of Mirth." By Edith Wharton. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

place to go to, or object in setting out, she does not go. She is less to blame than Mrs. Wharton.

We find her at the beginning poor, very lovely, member of the inner—the most contemptuous—social world of New York, in full pursuit of a millionaire. By the spite of her equals she misses her quarry; and the story that follows is the story of her failure to capture any other, until she dies drifting consciously into the peril of an overdose of morphia. She does some deeply dishonourable things on her way; plays a part in a yachting ménage to which the Elizabethans would give a plain name; is refused in marriage by an exceedingly vulgar Jew to whom she offers herself, having misunderstood his addresses, and yet sees him later as a friend; is betrayed and slandered before her world by one woman, helped with *molle* good nature by another, ruined by the general malice. Two good creatures—women—appear in the story: a little cousin given to good works, but the sequestered moralist makes her dowdy; a poor workwoman, but the sequestered moralist supplies her with a "fall" in her past.

It is the mode this year; next year, in a decade of years, it will not be the mode, so to hide a heart of emotion and of dignity. Meanwhile, it deprives us of the finest grace of Mrs. Wharton's genius—her imagery. When she wrote of moral passions and ideals, she used a splendid imagery. In "The House of Mirth" it is only towards the close, where tragedy darkens, and the writer permits herself to show she feels, that one or two admirable images prove to us how rich is the genius so long secluded. ALICE MEYNELL.

## THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII.*

Major Martin Hume is becoming known to readers as perhaps the most expert literary craftsman among living historians. He possesses the gift of style, and that skill in discerning and stating points of true saliency which generally accompanies the gift. Though he writes attractively, he always writes as a scholar, with a full command of his materials. He has done much original research work, and he is without a rival in this country in his knowledge of Spanish publications and manuscripts. To the task he has attempted in "The Wives of Henry VIII." he has brought one rare qualification. The subject should be dealt with by a gentleman or left alone. It would be easy to compile a scandalous chronicle; it would be easier still to produce a prurient book; it would perhaps be easiest of all to write the story and leave out all that was human and vivid in the record. Major Hume's good taste and good feeling never fail him. He says neither too much nor too little. He puts the reader in possession of the facts, and gives him the guidance of his unerring judgment. The result is one of the most attractive and most useful books of the present season.

Major Hume declines to consider the careers of the six Consorts of Henry VIII. from a purely personal point of view. The Queens have been considered as if each of the six was an isolated phenomenon that had by chance attracted the desire of a lascivious despot, to be cast off when lust was satisfied. Major Hume believes and proves that each of the consorts in turn was but an instrument of politicians, intended to sway the King on one side or the other. No influence that could be exercised over the King was neglected by those who sought to lead him, and last of all that which appealed to his uxorious nature. Major Hume declines to accept the view that Henry was a far-seeing statesman working through a lifetime for the religious freedom of England. While not blind to Henry's real gifts, he takes him on the whole to be a weak, vain, and boastful man, "the plaything of his passions, which were artificially made use of by rival parties to forward religious and political ends in the struggle of giants that ended in the Reformation."

As is natural, the most elaborate study in this volume is devoted to Catharine of Aragon. It is here that Major Hume's readers may be most inclined to dissent from him. While he does full justice to the elements of nobility in Catharine's character, he seems to be of opinion that the sentimental intimacy with a young Spanish priest which Catharine formed as Princess of Wales may have assumed a guilty form. Major Hume is not used to speak without evidence, and he is not at all ready to believe scandals about Princesses. We conclude, therefore, that he is basing himself upon some undisclosed material, for it is difficult to see that Catharine's later attitude was consistent with such an intimacy, and at the time of her trial no charge of this kind was made against her. While he despises the character of Anne Boleyn, he doubts the value of the evidence brought against her. The chapter on Catherine Howard is of very special interest, and indeed is a psychological study of no ordinary merit. Major Hume reluctantly decides against Catherine so far as her life before marriage was concerned, but thinks she may probably have been blameless in her conduct as a Queen. The reserve and temperance with which these difficult points are treated is beyond praise. Major Hume, as usual, works on his own lines, and is chary of criticising his predecessors. His opinion of Froude, however, is sufficiently clear. It is matter of congratulation that Major Hume has learned, whether from Froude or from some other, the art of writing history as a man of letters should write it.

* "The Wives of Henry VIII. and the Parts they Played in History." By Martin Hume. 18s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

## GEORGE HERBERT.*

The *raison d'être* of this beautiful and masterly edition of George Herbert must be given in the words of its editor:

"When I lay in my cradle, a devotee of Herbert gave me the old poet's name, so securing him for my godfather. Before I could well read, I knew a large part of his verse, not its meaning, but (what was more important then) its large diction, flexible rhythms, and stimulating mysteries. . . ."

> "His words did finde me out, and parallels bring,
> And in another make me understood."

"For fifty years, with suitable fluctuations of intimacy, he has been my bounteous comrade. And while his elaborate ecclesiasticism has often repelled me, a Puritan, and his special type of self-centred piety has not attracted, he has rendered me profoundly grateful for what he has shown of himself—the struggling soul, the high-bred gentlemen, the sagacious observer, the master of language, the persistent artist. I could not die in peace, if I did not raise a costly monument to his beneficent memory."

A "costly monument" is no inapt description of the book before us. The editor has spent upon it, he tells us, "the labour of ten years and the affection of a life-time," and both the love and labour have been well spent. If I may speak for the general reader, and also for the Herbert lover, I should like to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude; tempered perhaps with a little shame that we should need to accept such a monument from beyond the seas. On the very front page of the book we come upon a treasure which makes one hold one's breath: for it is nothing less than an hitherto unknown and exceedingly beautiful portrait of Herbert, the original drawing on vellum by Robert White from which the famous engraving derives. From what picture White made his drawing is not known; he himself was not born till twelve years after Herbert's death. The ordinary print gives Herbert a keen, amused look in the eyes, not unlike the present Bishop of Bristol. In the drawing the look is gentler and more meditative. The forehead appears less dome-like because a thin fringe of hair is allowed to escape from the velvet cap; and the nose is less like a bird's beak. "Here," says Mr. Palmer, "is high-breeding, scholarship, devoutness, disappointment, humour, fastidiousness, pathos, pride." Certainly the gentler qualities are accentuated. If White's engraving shows us the "effigies of Mr. George Herbert" as he moved about his parish, exhorting and rebuking, the vellum pencilling gives us the man who could write such poems as "Discipline" or "The Flower." Turning the pages, we find that the editor has not only printed all Herbert's English remains, both in verse and prose, but has been lavish in annotation and prolegomena, making the edition, as far as he could, complete and *variorum*. He has given us, in short, the edition we have been waiting for these many years. For though it must seem an ungrateful thing to say, truth requires it to be said, that all Dr. Grosart's "monumental" editions are nothing better than quarries for future editors. His discretion was always so far outstripped by his energy that none of his work could be final; and while in the particular case of Herbert all scholars acknowledge the debt they owe to him for the

* "The Life and Works of George Herbert." Newly arranged and annotated, and considered in relation to his life. By George Herbert Palmer. 3 vols. 30s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

discovery of the Williams MS., few will be found to justify the use he made of it in forming his text. It is the good luck of the present edition that Mr. Palmer's zeal is mixed with a good deal of judgment. His criticism is of the best and safest, and the reader finds himself assenting to his propositions as a matter of course. He first of all sketches for us the life of Herbert, relying upon Walton's biography, which he wisely holds to be substantially true, but supplements, in regard to the years before ordination, with what can be gleaned from contemporaries. We have noticed only one error in fact. Bishop Williams of Lincoln did not appoint Herbert "lay prebendary" of Leighton ecclesia: for the record of his institution to that prebend describes him as "deacon." The document in question was discovered by Mr. Daniell, who wrote a very shapeless life of Herbert on the occasion of his Tercentenary in 1893; and the discovery was interesting for the confirmation it gave to Walton's statement, which Dr. Grosart had impugned, that Herbert took deacon's orders about the time of being made prebendary. It is worth noticing also that George Herbert cannot be strictly said to have "won a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge"; he was one of the boys "elected" then as now from Westminster School by the Master of Trinity. Mr. Palmer, too (p. 30), somewhat underestimates the importance of Herbert's "learned friend, Mr. Herbert Thorndike," by dismissing him as "his secretary." Without laying stress on the fact that Thorndike was a prebendary of Westminster, it may be pointed out that his learning amply qualified him to play the part of Deputy Orator. More original is the chapter that follows on Herbert "the man." Mr. Palmer does justice to Herbert's qualities; he notices the refinement of the senses, which helped to make him a poet, the intellectual interest which "gathered knowledge on all sides, and so incorporated it into his own mind that its original sources are not easily discovered"; the "anxious optimism" of his religious faith. Mr. Palmer puts very neatly the difference between the attitude of mind to religious truth of George Herbert and his brother of Cherbury. "Some men are always challenging what they hear with the question, 'Is it true?' I cannot imagine such an enquiry entering the mind of Herbert. There are others, however, and they are often men of force, who searchingly ask, 'What does it mean?' And this is everywhere Herbert's question. He draws out of all that is around him its richest significance." Perhaps the most novel passage in Mr. Palmer's characterisation, which all through keeps close to the documents and does not allow itself in vague and picturesque epithets, is a discussion of Herbert's temptation to indolence, of which in several poems he seems to accuse himself; especially in the "Answer." Mr. Palmer's conclusion is that "precipitancy and irresolution, energy and delay, went ever hand in hand, each suspicious of its dangerous mate. He hesitated to act because he knew how prone he was to rashness; but he finally acted rashly in order to escape his besetting sin of delay." That is well said, and it may well have been the fact. It is pleasant to find a recognition of Herbert's humour, if that be the right name for what Mr. Palmer classes as an "intellectual pungency." More often, perhaps, than Mr. Palmer allows, it runs into pure sarcasm:

"Man cannot serve thee; let him go,
And serve the swine. There, there, is his delight.
He doth not like this virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night.
These preachers make
His head to shoot and ache."

or again:

"Love God and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as ye would be done unto.
O dark instructions! Even as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?"

Turning from the man to the artist, Mr. Herbert discourses as well and wisely on Herbert's achievement in religious poetry as on his personal characteristics. It is impossible in a short review to follow him from point to point, agreeing, applauding, or distinguishing. It will be enough by a few extracted sentences to show the quality of the criticism:

"He originated a new species of sacred verse, the religious lyric, a species for which the English world was waiting, which it welcomed with enthusiasm, and which at once became so firmly established that it is now difficult to conceive that it did not always exist."

**George Herbert.**
*From a Pencil Drawing on vellum by R. White.*
(Reproduced from "The Life and Complete Works of George Herbert.")

The truth of this judgment will be apparent to anyone who will compare the nearest thing to Herbert's lyrics the English language already possessed in such a hymn as Ben Jonson's "Hear me, O God." It is characteristic of the hymn as distinguished from the lyric that "though its writer often speaks in the first person, he gives voice to collective feeling." Herbert, on the other hand, speaks for Herbert.

"Hardly do the impetuous love-songs of Shelley yearn and sob more profoundly than these tangled, allusive, self-conscious, and over-intellectual verses of him who first in English poetry spoke face to face with God."

At the same time, our critic emphasises the fact that Herbert is no sentimentalist, but an artist to the finger tips:

"For artistic work, requiring intellectual reflection rather than the raw material of emotion, the sentimentalist is disqualified. . . The interest [of the artist] is in beauty. Out of scattered and meagre facts he develops ideal situations. . . Moods which exist in him merely in germ, or which co-exist with much else, he heightens, isolates, renders dominant and exclusive. One must be dull indeed not to feel the genuineness of Herbert's religious experience. But we miss his power and splendour, if we mistake his imaginative constructions for plain facts."

On the technique of the poems—their lines, stanzas, rhythm, and what not—Mr. Palmer has a treatise of seventy pages, which is as thorough as the rest of his study. Here and there, naturally, one would differ. But the only fault I should be tempted to find with these sections is that their references to other poets are not informed with the same thorough knowledge as the references to Herbert. It is not the fact, for instance, that "*many* of Sidney's sonnets and of Shakespeare's are reveries on the nature of the soul, its immortality, its relation to its Maker" (p. 88); nor that Spenser edited Sidney's sonnets (p. 109); the discussion of the forms of stanza in use before Herbert omits all mention of Wyatt, who was a successful experimenter; and it contains the startling statement that "rime royal" is the metre of Gray's Elegy (p. 135). Perhaps more serious is the state-

ment (p. 140) that the stanzas of Ben Jonson's "Queen and huntress chaste and fair" "might about as well have taken any other order." It is dangerous to speak thus of the poets; and I can only suppose that Mr. Palmer's ear had for a moment fallen asleep; for the rhythmical reasons against any change in that poem, quite apart from its sense, are overwhelming. How out of place would the slow and solemn invocation of the first line appear if it were transferred to the second stanza; and if the beautiful variation in the second and fourth lines of the last stanza had been introduced into either of the stanzas preceding, they would have fixed the type of the whole, instead of affording a delightful cadence for the close. But these are blemishes that could be easily removed from a future edition, and do not interfere with the solid merits of the book.

Into the question of the new grouping of the poems I cannot go, as the case for each poem would have to be considered on its merits. But Mr. Palmer's canon that poems in the Williams MS. are earlier than those in the Bodleian MS. is undoubtedly sound. Anyone who will run through the various readings supplied by the Williams MS. will have no doubt that they are Herbert's rejections. But what the general reader will be most grateful to Mr. Palmer for is his analysis and annotation of the individual poems. Herbert is a very difficult writer; but to judge from the innumerable editions that publishers bring out "without note or comment," one would imagine that Herbert's religious poetry, being denominational, had been placed under some new Cowper-Temple clause which prohibited exposition. Mr. Palmer has borrowed help from all available sources, but not the least fruitful has been his own intimate knowledge of the poet, so that he has illustrated him from himself. I should like to thank him, for instance, for his note on the introduction of the sedan-chair which explains satisfactorily the difficult last line of the "Pilgrimage."

> "After so foul a journey death is fair,
> And but a chair."

I am not quite convinced by his interpretation of the words, "God help poor kings," in "Church Music." If the words are to be taken *merely* as "an exclamation of happy persons who find part of their bliss in contrasting their condition with that of those conventionally reckoned more fortunate," with no reference to King Charles, why should we say

> "We both together sweetly live and love,
> *Yet* sometimes say, 'God help poor kings.'"

In that case I do not see the point of the conjunction. But one must make an end even of praising. H. C. BEECHING.

## HISTORY FROM HOLLAND HOUSE.*

Unquestionably this is an important book, and not the least of the valuable contributions to British history that have come from Holland House. It is, too, a contribution long overdue, for it is rather more than half a century ago since Lord Holland's "Foreign Reminiscences" and the "Memoirs of the Whig Party" first appeared. The latter took the story as far as the year 1807, that year when, as Sheridan said of the Whig Ministry, "he had often heard of people knocking out their brains against a wall, but never knew of anyone building a wall expressly for the purpose." The wall was the Roman Catholic Emancipation question, and Lord Grenville learned, as Pitt had learned six years earlier, to what lengths George III. was prepared to go in order to "be the Protestant King of a Protestant country, or no King." Palmerston, it is true, like George III., thought that "Ministers insisted on retaining both their places and their opinions," not altogether in modern eyes an unreasonable view, and as they refused to give a wholly unconstitutional pledge almost amounting to a guarantee that they would retain neither their places nor their opinions, the Whigs, after a very brief enjoyment of the fleshpots of office, once more stepped out into the wilderness of opposition. It was a familiar wilderness, strewed since 1784 with the bones of their party; but this time surely it was to be merely a picnic for conscience sake, for the Prince of Wales and of Whigs must be ruler before long. The First Gentleman of Europe, however, unlike the émigré nobles of France, had both learned and forgotten much in exile, and the Whig wandering in the familiar wilderness did not end until 1831, when the country was in measurable distance of civil war. Lord Holland unfortunately does not cover in his "Memoirs" the whole of these twenty-four years; he only takes us as far as 1821, and the memorable decade which followed the retirement of Lord Sidmouth, the astonishing ἀρίστεια of Canning, the triumph of O'Connell, and the storming of the Torres Vedras, in which Wellington had entrenched himself, are not illuminated by his incisive running commentary. Yet we may well be grateful for what we have got.

The editor, Lord Stavordale, has performed his modest part with the efficiency and brevity that his industry in following the career of Lady Sarah Lennox through her delightful and valuable Letters has taught students to expect. Presumably to his judgment we owe in this volume the most welcome inclusion of the supplementary chapter, "Miscellaneous Recollections" (begun in 1826), in which Lord Holland has recorded his impressions of "those persons who, whether Englishmen or foreigners, without immediate connection with politics, acquired or deserved celebrity for genius or talent, learning or wit, in science, in art, in poetry, in literature or in conversation." And what an interesting list it is: for here we pass from Hookham Frere, Dean Cyril Jackson, and Dr. Parr to Porson, John Hunter, Hare, Gibbon, Dr. Johnson, Mitford, Reynolds, Flaxman, the Edinburgh Reviewers, "The Lake Poets," and Byron. And the volume closes with four valuable appendices, the last of which is well calculated to stir the ever-hot ashes of the Junius controversy. Of Lord Holland himself it is scarcely necessary to speak. The Memoir and the Recollections amply confirm what we knew already of his character, his culture and scholarship, his political importance, his passionate devotion to liberty, and his singular fairness. And if further light is desired, Lord Stavordale's brief but pithy summary of his life cannot be better supplemented than by a study of the Protests of the Lords as edited by Thorold Rogers. Between 1798 and 1839 the familiar signature of Vassall, Lord Holland, occurs no fewer than one hundred times, more often probably than that of any other peer before or since, and a study of the subject matter of these Protests is a study of a great chapter in the intellectual and constitutional history of England. Many of them, clearly drafted by Lord Holland himself, are models of weighty, precise and convincing argument which will rank with the most memorable of the great State pieces in the Lords' Journals, and whose principles, so heretical to Eldonian Toryism, are almost the accepted platitudes of to-day. Curiously enough, while the first is a Protest against the Income Tax, the last of all is a dignified plea against Brougham's resolutions fettering the prerogative of the Crown. The value of Lord Holland's Memoir then practically rests on two important elements. Rocked, cradled and dandled in "the principles of Mr. Fox," he was a Whig whose birth and abilities made him a prominent member of the inner ring in the councils of the party: he writes, in short, from the inside. Secondly, he distinctly aims at recording in particular incidents not generally known at the time, and therefore, as his editor says, "not likely to be found in the recognised histories, periodicals or journals." Recent good fortune furthermore enables us to compare his critical narrative with that supplied by the Creevey Papers, and to check it, if we desire, with the Tory version in the Croker Papers. Lord Holland will not suffer by the comparison. His accuracy is remarkable, and his judgment is far superior. Lord Stavordale, however, thinks that in the verdicts, notably on Wellington, George III. and the Regent, Lord Holland has "been led by his personal feelings to depart from his customary sense of justice." For Wellington a case might perhaps be made out; but put the passages in the Memoir on George III. written not later than 1830 beside the verdict passed by Mr. Lecky, summing up half a century after George was in his grave, and Mr. Lecky, even though he had never sat in a Cabinet under George, is much the severer of the two. As for the Regent, one is almost astonished at Lord Holland's moderation. It would be inhuman to expect a Whig gentleman who knew as few knew it the inner history of Carlton House from 1784 onwards, to coat his Memoirs with a whitewash stolen from Lord Liverpool that both knew would peel off as soon as it saw the light of a later day. Righteous indignation may not only make good verses, but

* "Further Memoirs of the Whig Party." By Henry Richard Vassall, third Lord Holland. Edited by Lord Stavordale. 18s. net. (John Murray.)

also give to a memoir the quality of historic truth. But apart from the positive worth of the contribution this volume makes to our knowledge of events, notably the Ministerial crises of 1810 and 1812, it is specially instructive on the internal history of the Whig party, and supplies many links not to be gathered from Creevey. The evolution of the Whiggism of 1783 into the Whig Ministry of 1806 is the first great act of a continuous drama, and it is covered by the first two volumes of Lord Holland. It ended really with the death of Fox, nominally with the dismissal of the Ministry of 1807 and the struggle over the "pledges." From 1807 begins the equally memorable second act, which nominally ends with the Reform administration, really with the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts of 1828, and the grant of Catholic Emancipation in 1829. In this period we can see that at first the Spanish War is almost as disruptive a force as the French Revolution had been previously. To the Spanish War succeeds the Congress of Vienna, the Holy Alliance and the policy of Sidmouth at home and Castlereagh abroad. Unfortunately, as already noted, with the retirement of Sidmoutn and the reshaping of Toryism by Canning, Huskisson and Peel, Lord Holland breaks off. On the final moulding of the party of Fox into the triumphant party of Grey, Russell and Melbourne we are left to other sources. But it is remarkable that while the philosophic Whig memorist directly and indirectly tells us much of the personal, political and religious differences that kept the party in perpetual division, he either ignores or steers over what the modern inquirer regards as the most influential of all the formative factors at work—the economic. The Industrial Revolution shattered Foxite Whiggism and made Pitt possible: it ultimately made the Whigs a Reform party, not by preference, but by necessity. It went further: it recreated, as Prof. Dicey has recently been indicating, a new Toryism, for in the irony of fortune Lord Shaftesbury was the child of the new Economic Toryism of Huskisson, the champion against Whig *laissez-faire*. Yet there is as little of the Industrial Revolution to be read of in Lord Holland as in the sixteen volumes of Horace Walpole's Letters, and perhaps a cynical Tory would say, for the same reason. Nevertheless, the historian cannot afford to neglect this volume. It is a *pièce justificative* of capital importance, and it is delightful reading into the bargain, full of good stories, gossip, and stimulating, though not always convincing, social and literary criticism. That mysterious person, the general reader, who cries a plague on both your parties, to whom scientific inquiry into causal connections or the motive forces of great movements in history is as tiresome as the hunt for bacilli or the pemmican of blue-books, will be well advised to take it up. Oxford men, too, will garner some gleanings of the Dark Ages in their University before the Renaissance and the age of Royal Commissions. The good things may well be left embedded in their proper setting. But what are we to make of the dark saying on p. 59? Are we really to infer that as late as 1783 George III. took part in a Cabinet meeting? If so, it is the most startling thing in the book. And can it be really true that Reynolds anticipated one of the most famous of Whistler's witticisms? "Seventy guineas is a large sum, Sir Joshua, for three or four hours' labour." "Not five hours" (exclaimed he). "Why, I have been nearly all my life about it" (p. 365). And then to disturb us further Lord Holland adds in a note that "if Sir Joshua said it, he stole it from Annibal Caracci"—of all people. Whistler as an imitator of Caracci!

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

## THE KING'S ACHIEVEMENT.*

The scene and circumstances of Father Benson's novel are laid in the London and Sussex of Henry VIII. We cannot but be convinced, in fact, that it is these circumstances—that little battlefield of infinite forces, and the principles and traditions at stake—which were his real inspiration; and that narrative and character are merely the only means whereby they might be shown in being and action. The two brothers, Chris and Ralph Torridon, on whom the narrative centres, are only representative; our real affair lies between King and Pope. And so, throughout the book, the actors small and great take their station. Lady Torridon—a singularly unconvincing personage—on this side; Sir James, her husband, on that; More and Cromwell; Prior and Bishop. And there follows in consequence a sense of arbitrariness, a suggestion of ingenuity and effort. Only transiently life breaks free and we catch a glimpse of the man in the fiction. Seldom does the creature act as it were in spite of his creator. Their course, their goal are fixed: and thus they are compelled to run. It is an essential defect; all else indeed is secondary. One cannot brood ardently on two things at once. Here the cause is all in all; the characters are but its puppets.

But for the rest, very rare indeed is the book with scene and episode so full of beauty. Here is no "local colour." The author hasn't a varlet, or a prythee to his name. He simply lives softly back across the centuries. He falls into a reverie—and it is Henry's England. And of all we like best darkness falling on the still country-side, and Ralph riding down alone towards the solitary nunnery; the gentle, grave, intensely human little old abbess "with hanging cheeks, and solemn little short-sighted eyes, for she peered at him now and again across the candles"; the beautiful quietude and simplicity: it is faultless. So too in a very different fashion is the description of the coming of the news of Cromwell's downfall. The book is full of finely-finished pictures: Henry with tiny mouth set in enormous face floating down in his barge with Anne; More's green and quiet garden by the Thames; Tyburn; Cranmer in the palace; Sir Nicholas in the chase. We never long forget how beautiful light is, man's and heaven's; and how rare peace.

But the public demand a story, and story they must have, we suppose, if physic is to be administered at all. Here is one made to their hand with action and event, dramatic and incisive. Whether or no, however, they will trouble their heads regarding the whole purpose and gist (as we presume) of the book, they must decide. It is not fashionable just now to trouble one's head much. Henry's triumph is faded. The ruin he left pleads against him. We are learning to forget the danger behind a throne, learning to forget that a monk to every honest Englishman is anathema. As ever, we seem on the eve of Change. Will dawn find us, as ever, much the same man as at nightfall—plus a dream or so?

WALTER DE LA MARE.

## "KIPPS."*

In an imitative age the work of Mr. Wells stands out as pre-eminently original. Astonishingly versatile, he contrives always to be emphatically himself, owing nothing either to his contemporaries or his predecessors, and (fortunately) founding no school. As the scientific prophet of "Anticipations," or the realistic historian of "Mr. Lewisham," he is as audaciously original as he is in "The Food of the Gods," or in a scientific shocker like "The Island of Doctor Moreau." Yet all these different personalities have their connecting link. In a sense Mr. Wells is a realist, because he studies life in the analytic spirit of the scientific observer; but at the same time he is a Utopian, because he has what the scientist often lacks, imagination and the instinct to see things not only as they are, but as they will be, and as (according to the Wells philosophy) they ought to be. "Kipps" is brilliant, but it is much more than merely brilliant. It shows a maturer attitude towards life, and a kindlier and more genial criticism, and a more sympathetic insight into human nature than marked some of Mr. Wells' earlier work. For "Kipps" himself appears on the surface a ridiculous figure. We can imagine the earlier Mr. Wells dissecting him with the caustic aloofness of the superior person. But now, though we laugh at Kipps, we are made to realise that at bottom he is genuinely likeable; and even while we laugh we have an uneasy feeling that the vulgarity was not so much in Kipps himself as in those to whom he appeared most contemptible.

Kipps is an orphan left to the care of an uncle and aunt, who keep a small shop in New Romney. By his dead mother's wish the boy is sent to the Cavendish Academy in Hastings, where there was little to eat and less to learn, but where the superiority of the education over that provided by the Board Schools was triumphantly shown by the boys all wearing mortar-boards. From here Kipps, after "completing" his education, is sent to Folkestone, where he is apprenticed to a draper. Here Mr. Wells' intimate knowledge of life in a drapery establishment, already displayed

* "The King's Achievement." By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Pitman.)

* "Kipps." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)

in "The Wheels of Chance," is employed to great advantage. Kipps' life, both at school and at the emporium of Mr. Shalford with his everlasting "system," is sketched with wonderful vividness and a masterly economy of detail. So vivid is the writing that the reader almost imagines himself an assistant under the grinding rule of Mr. Shalford, and begins to feel quite oppressed by the monotony and strain of the work. Kipling ends one of the best chapters of "A Fleet in Being" with the words "men live there." It comes almost as a shock, a revelation, something which had not occurred to the ordinary man before. After reading "Kipps" we feel in the same sort of way that there will be something different in future about drapery shops. We perhaps have not realised it, and yet after all—"men live there."

When Kipps had finished his apprenticeship and had become an "improver," a great change came in his life. He inherited what seemed to him enormous wealth, about twelve hundred a year, just when a desperate attempt to "see life" in company with "a nacter chap" threatened to result in his dismissal from the shop. With wealth comes gentility, and Kipps finds himself translated to a new and uncomfortable world, where he is always doing the wrong thing and wearing the wrong clothes. Here he falls into the hands of one Coote, the nearest approach to caricature which Mr. Wells permits himself, and presently finds himself engaged to the goddess of his drapery days, a Miss Walsingham, who had taught a wood-carving class which he had attended in search of the higher life. But the strain of middle-class culture is too great, and after a dash on London and a series of most amusing misadventures at the Grand Hotel, Kipps gives up the struggle, and marries his first love, now a housemaid in Folkestone. Kipps' wife is a most lovable figure, and under her influence all that is best in Kipps is brought out with real sympathy and tenderness. The smart young solicitor, Miss Walsingham's brother, who had been entrusted with the charge of Kipps' property, loses it through rash speculation, and Kipps finds real happiness in keeping a bookshop. A lucky investment in a dramatic venture restores Kipps to affluence, but he wisely keeps on the shop for the sake of an occupation, and there we leave him.

The latter part of the book is a brilliant satire on the pretentiousness of some middle-class culture, occasionally approaching caricature, as in the case of Coote, but on the whole not unkindly. Mr. Wells is always ready to do justice to the good points of the people whom he is criticising. The book is full of humorous touches. We should like to quote the delightful account of the dawn of love in Kipps, but space forbids, and we can only give an extract. Kipps is just back from school, and beginning to realise that there is something in girls after all, and in Anne Pornick in particular. He is talking to Anne's brother Sidney. "'Your sister ain't a bad sort,' he said off-handedly. 'I clout her a lot,' said Sidney modestly." This is Mr. Wells in his gayest mood. "Kipps" is the maturest work Mr. Wells has yet done. He has rarely, if ever, been more brilliant; he has certainly never been so intensely human. L. G. BROCK.

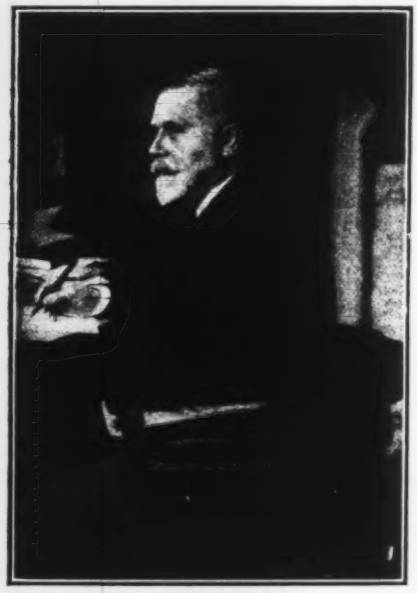
**"Kipps was always present at this ceremony unless customers prevented."**

(An illustration to "Kipps," reproduced by courteous permission of the Editor of the "Pall Mall Magazine," in which periodical Mr. Wells's story is appearing serially.)

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR WEMYSS REID.*

It is a high testimony to the merit of Sir Wemyss Reid's autobiography that it should be so well worth publishing even in the condition of a mere torso. Deprived of that which in the hands of a less scrupulous and considerate editor than Mr. Stuart Reid would have made its fortune, it still ranks among the most agreeable and instructive books of the season. It may seem a paradox, but it is a fact, that the reason why Sir Wemyss's memoirs are less interesting than they might have been, is that in that case they would have been too interesting. He was not only the editor of influential newspapers—in itself a sufficient justification for a biography—but he was also the trusted friend of eminent statesmen, one of whom is living, and as such became the depository of important confidences, and obtained an insight into the secret springs of politics. We have no doubt that if his autobiography had been published exactly as he left it, great perturbation would have been occasioned in political circles, and much controversy aroused which, although it cannot be burked in the long run, had better be allowed to slumber at a time when disunion is the-

* "Memoirs of Sir Wemyss Reid, 1842-1885." Edited with an introduction by Stuart J. Reid. 18s. net. (Cassell.)



**Sir Wemyss Reid.**
*Photo Russell & Sons.*

capital offence and chief peril of every party. On the other hand, it would have been the most successful book of the year. Mr. Stuart Reid deserves great honour for his preference of the more important, to the more immediate interest; and it may be hoped that ere long affairs will have so shaped themselves as to allow of the enrichment of our literature by what must prove one of the most valuable of political memoirs. Meanwhile, let us be thankful for what we have. If no deep mysteries of statecraft are elucidated, we are at least kept in familiar and agreeable intercourse with a charming personality, an instance how high the editor of a leading newspaper can go who to fair ability unites high character.

Sir Wemyss Reid's character, in fact, was more remarkable than his ability. Not that he was other than most competent in the editorial chair, both as an effective writer and a far-seeing man of business; but he does not seem to have been a profound or acute thinker, or to have possessed any special discernment of the signs of the times, or to have been a political controversialist of exceptional brilliancy, or a great organiser and marshaller of the faculties of others. What he had in larger measure than most men was loyalty; he might be absolutely counted upon as unswervingly faithful to every man and to every cause that he had once taken up. This great quality was severely tested, for it happened that the two statesmen with whom he was most intimately connected were at different times obnoxious to the majority of their party, and Sir Wemyss could not maintain his fidelity to them without offending others apparently more potent at the moment. He was wholly insensible to such considerations; even this volume sufficiently attests his chivalrous devotion to Mr. Forster, and the next will bring yet stronger evidence of his similar attitude towards Lord Rosebery. Although Sir Wemyss was a Congregationalist, the general hostility of the Dissenters to Mr. Forster owing to his Education Act of 1870 failed to make the least impression upon him. He had himself much to endure from the persecution of extremists of all sorts. It may be a curious subject for speculation what his course would have been if Forster had lived long enough to have led the Liberal Unionist party in 1886, as he assuredly would. The treatment which his hero received from his colleagues must have cooled the enthusiasm which Reid had felt for Mr. Gladstone at the general election of 1880, to which we are indebted for a spirited sketch of public feeling at that stirring time.

Reid had at this period been for ten years editor of the *Leeds Mercury*. He was the second son of a Scotch Congregationalist minister settled at Newcastle, where he was born on March 29th, 1842. Journalism was his chosen career from the first, and after pursuing it at Newcastle, at Preston, and at Leeds, he found himself in 1866 London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, with introductions to excellent literary society, of which he made the best use. The editorship of the *Mercury*, one of the oldest of English provincial papers, and possessing a highly honourable history, had, since its regeneration by the original Edward Baines, hitherto always been in the hands of the Baines family, and would have so continued but for the freak of the then editor in turning Plymouth Brother. No other Baines was at hand to replace him, and Reid was summoned from London for the purpose, a high tribute to the reputation he had acquired at eight-and-twenty. His sketch of the Baines family, veteran Nonconformists of such fidelity to principle that even when the *Mercury* became a daily paper they would allow no work to be done upon it on a Sunday, reveals the sturdy loyalty which was the backbone of his character and the secret of his success. It endeared him to two famous Yorkshiremen, Forster and Lord Houghton, both of whose biographies he was to write, and at a later period to Lord Rosebery, for whose political history he will no doubt be found to have supplied ample material. The volume ends dramatically with the tidings, received abroad, of the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry in 1885, and the initiation of a period of intestine strifes so unedifying that Mr. Stuart Reid, no doubt discreetly, has judged it better not to lift the veil for the present. Whenever he does lift it, he will convert a very agreeable book into a very important one.

It must not be supposed that Sir Wemyss Reid's memoirs are entirely devoted to politics. They contain many interesting particulars of the history of the provincial press; bright portraits of men of letters, especially Lord Houghton, James Payn, and William Black; and a marvellous account of the spirited and successful crusade which Reid undertook for the rehabilitation of Charlotte Brontë among her own neighbours.

RICHARD GARNETT.

## THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRIK IBSEN.*

Excellently translated and excellently produced, these letters of Henrik Ibsen form a fragmentary but illuminating spiritual autobiography of the utmost value. They are accompanied, moreover, by nearly fifty pages of biographical introduction, written with full knowledge and admirable tact. By a curious oversight this introduction is unsigned and unattributed in the present edition. It is the joint work of Herr Halvdan Koht, of Christiania, and Dr. Julius Elias, of Berlin, who are also responsible for the explanatory notes, here judiciously abbreviated.

Ibsen is by nature an extremely reticent man. One has only to look at his tightly-compressed lips to see that he does not readily or willingly open them. It is related that in early days in Rome, when he would join in the symposia of congenial artist-souls, his tongue would sometimes be loosened, and he would charm his hearers with copious outpourings of thought and fancy. But these occasions must have been rare. Otherwise than dramatically, he has always found a difficulty in expressing himself. His lyric poems, though admirable in quality, are few in number, and belong for the most part to his youth. His tendency has ever been, as the phrase goes, to "keep himself to himself," partly, perhaps, out of shyness, but mainly from an almost morbid sense of personal dignity. He is an intellectual aristocrat if ever there was one. To three or four men, nevertheless, he did in his younger days, open his mind with some freedom, and most of all to Björnstjerne Björnson and George Brandes. Perhaps a score of letters to other people (and among them those to Mr. Edmund Gosse) are of great value; but the Björnson and Brandes letters are certainly what Tony Lumpkin calls "the cream of the correspondence."

The relations between Björnson and Ibsen are very interestingly sketched in the Introduction to this book. We have long known generally that the two poets

> "Had been friends in youth,
> But whispering tongues had poisoned truth."

Now, with the fuller information before us, we see that the temporary breach between them was almost inevitable. Björnson was an ardent party man, while to Ibsen all party spirit was antipathetic. Björnson was an enthusiastic demo-

* "The Correspondence of Henrik Ibsen." The Translation. Edited by Mary Morison. 12s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

crat; Ibsen, as we have seen, was temperamentally an aristocrat, though the Conservative party in Norway soon found that they were sadly mistaken when they claimed him as one of their own. Thus all sorts of superficial differences arose between them, which were exasperated by distance and by the gossip which always runs riot in small communities. But after some fifteen years of estrangement they drew together again:—

"In the spring of 1881, having heard that Björnson, while in America, had had a narrow escape with his life from some great danger, Ibsen wrote him a letter (now unfortunately lost), in which he declared that his feeling when he heard the news was that, if his friend had died, he himself could never have written anything more. When, soon after this, "Ghosts" was published, and everyone turned against the recklessly belligerent poet, Björnson stood forth and boldly defended him—which drew from Ibsen the highest possible commendation: 'He has a kingly soul.' . . . Their renewed friendship has stood the test of all the changes that years have brought. In 1892 the marriage of Ibsen's only son with one of Björnson's daughters added close family ties to those of friendship. When Björnson came to congratulate Ibsen on his seventy-fifth birthday, Ibsen said, with tears in his eyes, 'After all, it is you I have loved best.'"

The early letters to Björnson show how deeply Ibsen was indebted to his brother poet during his years of poverty, depreciation and neglect. How hard the struggle was may be gathered from the postscript to a letter dated from Rome in March, 1866:

"P.S.—My dear Björnson! This time I take advantage of your suggestion, that I should not prepay the postage of my letters; I do it unwillingly, but have no choice."

The poet's temper in those days was fiery enough to lend to intercourse with him a good deal of the charm of the unforeseen. In this very letter he is much perturbed over some draft of his which has been dishonoured, in insulting terms. "Such words," he says, "must not be written about me. The man who said them to me, I would kill on the spot." It is a good thing that the offender, Mr. F. Bætzmann, happened to be on the other side of the Alps. His sudden death would no doubt have been an excellent advertisement for "Brand," which was just then appearing; but we should have had to go without "Peer Gynt" and a good many other meritorious productions.

While the letters to Björnson are the most interesting from the personal point of view, those to George Brandes contain by far the most important reflective and speculative utterances. Indeed, several passages from these letters may already be called classical, having been quoted by Brandes in his book on Ibsen, and in every subsequent study of the poet's mental development. Who, for instance, does not recall this famous outburst, written from Dresden in December, 1870:—

"The old, illusory France has collapsed; and as soon as the new, real Prussia does the same, we shall be with one bound in a new age. How ideas will then come tumbling about our ears! And it is high time they did . . . The old terms require a new meaning infused into them. Liberty, equality, fraternity are no longer the things they were in the days of the late lamented guillotine. This is what the politicians will not understand; and therefore I hate them. They want only their own special revolutions—revolutions in externals, in politics, etc. But all this is mere trifling. What is all-important is the revolution of the spirit of man."

Outside his plays, no other utterance of Ibsen's has awakened so many echoes as this. But there are in the letters to Brandes many passages of the highest interest which have not hitherto appeared in print. Here, for instance, is a curious amplification of the phrase just quoted:

"From special reforms I expect nothing. The whole race is on the wrong track; that is the trouble. Or is there really anything tenable in the present situation with its unattainable ideals, etc? The whole succession of human generations remind me of a young shoemaker who has forsaken his last and gone on the stage. We have made a fiasco both in the heroic and the lover rôles. The only parts in which we have shown a little talent are the naïvely comic; but with our more highly-developed self consciousness we shall no longer be fitted even for that."

This quaint image follows hard upon an outburst of pessimism very unusual in Ibsen, whose so-called pessimism is, as a rule, merely indignant meliorism. But the following utterance is pessimistic enough in all conscience:—

"There are actually moments when the whole history of the world appears to me like one great shipwreck, and the only important thing seems to be to save one's-self."

Ibsen does not seem to have noticed how nearly this image takes us back to certain theological conceptions of human destiny.

One of the most noteworthy letters outside the Björnson and Brandes groups is a brief autobiographical sketch addressed to a Danish editor who was making an anthology of Norwegian verse. In it the poet declares that everything he has created has had its origin in "a frame of mind and a situation in life. I never wrote because I had, as they say, 'found a good subject.'" Then he goes on to speak of the uproar created in Norway by the publication of "Love's Comedy":

"People mixed up my personal affairs in the discussion, and I fell greatly in public estimation. The only person at that time who approved of the book was my wife. Hers is exactly the character desiderated by a man of mine—she is illogical, but has a strong poetic instinct, a broad and liberal mind, and an almost violent antipathy to all petty considerations. All this my countrymen did not understand, and I did not choose to make them my father-confessors. So they excommunicated me. All were against me."

Great was the contrast in outward circumstances when he reached Italy. Rome, he says, "with its ideal peace," its "care-free artist community," and "an existence in an atmosphere which can be compared only with that of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It'"—these were the conditions that produced "Brand." That it should have contributed to the ripening of that marvellous poem is not the least of the services rendered to literature by the benign influence of Rome.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## THE CENTRE OF THACKERAY'S LONDON.*

Among the things that are almost incommunicable to paper is the witticism that depends in great measure upon the personality of the wit for its effect. Such indeed must have been the brilliancy of the Brookfields, for although their letters are always bright and entertaining and overflowing with high spirits, there is nothing very memorable in the whole two volumes. It may be that we have grown more fastidious, that we demand greater subtlety and a more penetrating psychology in those we dignify with the title of wit, and that the fresh ebullience of William Brookfield appears slightly cheap only because we are jaded and hopelessly decadent. But even admitting that we are not, that we are still "healthy" (O blessed Mesopotamian epithet!), even the best of the Brookfields' good things seems to be, as a wicked don once said of Jowett's philosophy, but a glimpse into the obvious, and by the bye there is nothing quite so reflective in the present collection as that somewhat disconsidered jest. Let not this, however, be taken as cavilling at the two clever and interesting people who had all literary London, the London of Thackeray, of Hallam, of Carlyle, and of Tennyson at their feet. They were indeed so wonderful that the publication of their correspondence aroused expectations too high, perhaps, for gratification apart from actual knowledge of the writers. Without themselves achieving anything of permanent value in literature, they attracted to them the most brilliant literary people of a brilliant time, and their house was the centre of everything best worth knowing and having in the London of that period. It was a simple, delightful age,

**Mrs. Brookfield.**
(Reproduced from "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," by kind permission of Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.)

* "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle." By Charles and Frances Brookfield. In 2 vols. 28s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.)

before *les grands ésprits* had found out the necessity of luxury, when Thackeray could write :—

"A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pray you get ready at three,"

without being suspected of favouring that last enormity of the uncultivated—"meat tea in a serious family."

Brookfield, in fact, confesses that he was one night sitting down to that very meal, when in came his old pupil, Lord Lyttelton, and immediately they sent out for a beefsteak and—porter. These were the fine old days of the late thirties and early forties, when men came down from college with a fox-hunter's appetite and a lingering regret for the audit ale of Alma Mater.

It is almost superfluous to recall here that William Henry Brookfield was the son of a Sheffield solicitor, that he too, like every other man of distinction, was "intended for the law," and that after a struggle he persuaded his father to send him to Trinity College, Cambridge. There he was welcomed with open arms into the set of Thackeray, Tennyson, and Arthur Hallam, and in that *coterie* "Brooks," as they called him, had the reputation of the greatest wit. After graduating, Brookfield was still undecided as to a career, and he went for a time to be tutor to Lord Lyttelton's son, a post that proved a further social lever, and then he definitely made up his mind to enter the Church. After two country charges, he was appointed curate at St. James's, Piccadilly, where he at once leaped into popularity, and in a year or two, as emolument increased with a preachership at Archbishop Tenison's chapel, he was able to marry Miss Jane Octavia Elton, a niece of Henry Hallam's. Mrs. Brookfield enhanced her husband's success. Never was there such a curate in society, never such a curate's wife. In their correspondence there is hardly a name, even the most casually mentioned, that is not famous, but none dare call these memoirs a book of snobs. The Brookfields found themselves (in two senses) among the best minds of the time, that is all. To them these people were friends, not celebrities. They were not plagued with the consciousness that they were literary.

Amid the overflowing good humour of Mr. Brookfield's correspondence there occurs a curious rancour against Oxford, which may or may not have been a pose. He confesses that he must spell the name of the sister university with a small "o," and he quotes with gusto Venables' remark, "I often wonder what we have done to deserve being gifted as we are so much above these cursed idiotic Oxford brutes." For his own part he adds, and this judgment, at least, must not be accounted a glimpse into the obvious: "I believe that Oxford *minds* are not considered to have any value but such as arises (as in turnspit dogs) from their extreme rarity." The Tractarians seemed to Brookfield "excessive dandies."

The book abounds, of course, in the most charming sidelights on the members of the circle. The Carlyles reflect nothing but domestic geniality; Thackeray in his letters to Mrs. Brookfield is quite adorable and most human; of Tennyson there are quaint glimpses—the Laureate feared for his locks and put himself under a specialist (a woman), who anointed him and pulled out grey hairs at half a guinea a sitting. But with all this insight the mystery of Arthur Hallam's spell remains unsolved. Even his portrait, here given, is disappointing. Where are the "ethereal eyes" and "the bar of Michael Angelo"? But the testimony of that cloud of witnesses is not to be doubted. Perhaps the best saying of Mrs. Brookfield's is that Lady Ashburton was the only person who dared put a ring in Carlyle's nose.

J. D. SYMON.

## THE SEVEN STREAMS.*

If Mr. Deeping invites you to look back into the world of romance with his eyes, instead of with your own, you are like to be immeasurably the gainer by the exchange. His power of visualisation is extraordinary. One finds it hard to believe that he is romancing, for he describes as one who has actually seen. The wealth of detail, the realism astound us. It is a mosaic, from which no single detail of the picture is missing.

As in that most notable of first books, "Uther and Igraine," Mr. Deeping is seen, not only as a writer of fine and felicitous prose, but as one who is at heart a poet. It may be that the swing of his arm—to use a phrase of Rossetti's—is freer in prose than in verse, and that he has done well to use the simpler medium, but the high poetic quality of all his work may not be denied.

Denied, did I say? One might as well talk of denying the falling spray which drifts wetly to us from a fountain. Just as the wonder-land, through which Mr. Deeping leads us, is watered by the Seven Streams which give the title to the story, so in his magic pages there bubble up perennial springs of poetry. That the stream is always equally clear, that his similes are equally fine, I do not pretend. When he tells us that Samson's eyes were "bright as polished stone," I cannot think the comparison happy. Polish stone as we may, it is but a dead and lustreless thing when compared with the lit beauty, the luminous brightness, even of the most ordinary eyes. Nor do I like the wording of such a phrase as: "So tightly were Tristan's lips pressed together, that they formed a pouting line above his chin." How tightly-pressed lips can "pout," I fail to see, for to pout is to loosen, not to tighten the line of the lip. And

**Mr. Warwick Deeping.**

where would Mr. Deeping have his hero's lips to form a line, if not above his chin? Not under, surely?

On page 284 we read: "Miriam, the Jewess, knelt in prayer." I was under the impression that those of the Jewish faith do not kneel in prayer, but stand.

Against two or three trivial points like these, we must balance a thousand perfectly-phrased and exquisite pictures; against too great a fondness for such curious and unfamiliar words as "finials," "foining," "woodshawe," "aspergill," "decretal" and "rebec," we must set a romance which swings every reader along as bravely as Tristan led his gallant band to battle.

The story takes us back to the days of knighthood and romance, starting with the setting out from Purple Isle of Tristan le Sauvage, who had vowed never to rest till he had either found and rescued his Sister Columbe, or wreaked vengeance upon her ravishers. Of the remorselessness with which Tristan tracked down his sister's murderess, and of the terrible revenge which he exacted, one must read in the book itself. It would be unfair to Mr. Deeping, as well as to his readers, to spoil this fine and stirring story by giving a bald outline of the plot.

I like Mr. Deeping best, not when he is lashing vice, but when he flings out, bannerwise, a challenge to knighthood and chivalry; when he swaggers with something of a young father's personal and exultant pride, in the prowess of his hero—a hero who has been fashioned, one suspects, out of the sinews of the author's heart. COULSON KERNAHAN.

* "The Seven Streams." By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Two of Miss Jenny Wylie's clever illustrations to "The Red Reaper," which are reproduced in the book by the three-colour process.

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## A DEMURE HISTORIAN.*

To read the recent files of a newspaper is an easy but not enlivening occupation. As we turn the leaves we find that what seemed a tremendous event a year or two ago has dwindled into a mere nothing; what appeared small was really great; and both the gigantic and the infinitesimal contributed to the making and unmaking of reputations. How ridiculous was our enthusiasm! How abject our apathy! How ill-founded our opinions!

It is not our fault if the concluding volumes of Mr. McCarthy's history affect us in much the same way. They read very like an old newspaper. Here is a similar jostling of the big and the small, of what deserves a place in the national record and what might well be forgotten. Positively, this is not so much a history as eight hundred pages of excerpts from the files. First the eye lights on a chapter devoted to political movements; then on a purple patch of wars; at a third glance, on a morass of obituary notices. You could, as Mr. Kipling sings, have "seen it in perspective in the files," but Mr. McCarthy's sub-editing has dragged it out of that perspective. Here you observe it raw, rough-edged, distorted, unsoftened by the mellowing shadows of police-court reports and advertisements. A story out of its context. A diamond robbed of its setting.

The blame is not all Mr. McCarthy's. Some must be laid to the conditions of his task. We are far too near the period between the year 1897 and the accession of Edward the Seventh—which is that covered by these two volumes—for its history to be related with any assured satisfaction. Indeed, it might be argued—would be argued by sticklers for scientific history—that a history of anybody's own times is a contradiction in terms. Bishop Burnet wrote an entertaining book on the subject. So have other men. They serve to mark the difference between a record and a history proper. And we are sadly intimate with Mr. McCarthy's period, so intimate as to resent his relapses from the dignity of events to the idiosyncrasies of persons. The historical sense shudders at the statement, with regard to Mr. John Burns, that "while in West Africa he was commonly known among his compatriot fellow-workmen by the nickname of Coffee-Pot Burns because of his fixed teetotal principles, and his objection to the use of any more fiery liquid than that which came from the harmless coffee-pot"; nor is it calmed by the reminder that the late Lord Rosmead "had a remarkable gift of mimicry with which he often beguiled for his travelling companions the unexhilarating routine of their work." What concern has the Muse of History with Mr. Burns's teetotal principles and Lord Rosmead's minor talents? In the files is their proper place.

To the files also should have been left the reports of debates in both Houses of Parliament. It is the reporter's duty to inform the world that the Prime Minister "delivered a speech as eloquent as it was evidently sincere and heartfelt," and that the Duke of Devonshire "spoke a few straightforward and manly sentences in associating himself unreservedly with the utterances of the two speakers who had gone before him." Mr. McCarthy does not rest content till he has summarised the contributions to a debate as well as described their quality. In imitating Tacitus he omits the dignity and conciseness; in following Thucydides he forgets the eloquence.

But Mr. McCarthy makes no pretence at rivalling the classic historians. His virtues are those of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, "modest, simple and sweet." He is demure from title-page to colophon. One might gather that he believes in Home Rule for Ireland, sees no necessity for the Boer war, and dislikes violent methods of settling international disputes. Yet so mildly does he express his disapproval, so diligently holds himself aloof from partisanship or opinion, that the invading New Zealander, when after having finished his contemplation of ruined London he potters round the book-shops in Charing Cross Road and amuses himself with a battered copy of this history, will refuse to believe that the author is that same Justin McCarthy who once upon a time figured in the popular game of Irish "splits." Only in one important particular is somewhat less than justice done to the English people in these demure pages. We are said to have hated the Boers in the earlier stages of the war because we could not beat them, and there is a hint that we groaned in the savagery of disappointment when British commanders encountered misfortune. Now, if there is one thing more than another we have to be proud of in connection with the Boer war, it is the temper of the whole people during the dark days when British prestige shook and wavered, and British military honour passed under a black cloud. Mr. McCarthy grants no commendation for our bearing in the hour of distress, though he sneers (if his gentle disgust can be called a sneer) at our temporary lunacy over the relief of Mafeking—"which could not have been exceeded if the success on the British side had been that of another Waterloo."

How they will strike other readers one cannot, of course, say, but personally I have a haunting suspicion that several passages which appear at first sight to be steeped in a particularly deep dye of bathos are intended to be humorous. These demure people are sometimes sly, very sly. Such a passage is that describing the progress of the procession which set out to announce King Edward's accession. We are told how the civic authorities "maintained a symbol at least of their ownership by having a crimson rope drawn across the street at the place where Temple Bar used to stand"; how the delegates charged with the delivery of the proclamation "entered fully into the spirit of the performance"; how the City Marshal gave out the historic challenge, "Who goes there?"; how Rouge Dragon was "equal to the task imposed on him," and "explained that nothing more hostile towards the rights of the City Corporation was intended than to ask permission to proclaim the new sovereign within the boundaries of civic London"; how the Lord Mayor "showed not a moment's hesitation in directing that the procession should at once be admitted"; and so on, in the junior reporter's most terribly sarcastic vein. I fancy, however, that Mr. McCarthy is in earnest when he discusses the popularity of "bridge" and cigarette-smoking among women. "Nobody is likely to assume that the woman of English society to-day is in any sense less modest and proper than her mother because she puffs at a cigarette which her mother would have thought it a degradation, if not a positive sin, to put between her lips." That *must* be

*Photo Elliott & Fry.* **Mr. Justin McCarthy.**

* "A History of Our Own Times: from the Diamond Jubilee, 1897, to the Accession of Edward VII." By Justin McCarthy. Two vols. 24s. (Chatto and Windus.)

intended seriously. Whether or not, the mention at some length of these portents is an instance of Mr. McCarthy's habit of magnifying small things and using them as finger-posts to development or retrogression.

With all their faults these volumes possess the merit of being readable. The student is carried along from chapter to chapter without any appreciable mental exertion. If they do not stimulate, they never stun. They are as easy as a novel, and far more proper, because no angry passions are allowed to intrude.

THOMAS LLOYD.

## LONDON AND "A YEAR HENCE."*

These three books have put me particularly in mind of a stanza in "Don Juan," of which it is sufficient to quote these words:

> "The man who has stood on the Acropolis,
> And looked down over Attica. . . .
> May not think much of London's first appearance—
> But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence."

As far as I know Byron was the first to utter this precise thought. It was the beginning of a new language about London, involving a new attitude—that of deferred understanding. And it enhances the utterance to find it coming thus lightly from the haughty and irreverent spirit of Byron. Wordsworth in his great sonnet, Cowper from his peep-hole of reflection, Johnson at his table at the "Mitre," had exclaimed in their several ways upon the magnitude of London. But with all three it was a magnitude capable of description, even though, as in Wordsworth's case, its demand was for the soul's homage. In his Westminster Bridge sonnet Wordsworth gave the supreme expression of London's majesty, when that majesty could still be comprehended. But Byron's flippant words are the bottom rung of a new ladder of appreciation, set against the murk and mass of a Babylon which no man can include in his mental vision. For Londoners, the love of possession has become the love of being possessed by London. London has withdrawn from every caress into an impenetrable wholeness, where she can be pursued only in psychological gropings. To-day the Londoner loves London as an idea rather than as a city. As for the stranger he can no longer on Westminster Bridge exclaim "all that mighty heart." These words almost imply in their essence, what we know as a fact, that Wordsworth looked on a small London.

When with Australian eyes a visitor looks down to-day on London from the gallery on the dome of St. Paul's, what are his feelings? Mr. Abbott says: "London is limitless. To a murky smoke-dimmed horizon there is a plain of house-tops, a long prospect of continuous building. Save for the narrow erratic burrows of streets, the open parks, the squares, and the river, it is almost one house. There is nothing to compare it with. It is tremendous. The very area of river flat and gentle downs on which it stands is as large as a large sheep run. Because of the smoke the outskirts of the city are invisible. The whole world is full of houses." And with this marvel there mingles disappointment. "It is only after an acquaintance of some time . . . that one learns to like it and admire it." The demand for time is now the first and typical cry which London provokes. Time to see and feel.

Such are the exclamations of a vigorous Australian observer on his first sight of London. From Mr. W. D. Howells, a frequent visitor, and a more practised writer, we find the same thoughts in solution, so to speak. We gather, as we go along, his ever present sense of the hopeless dimensions of his theme. Thus, on a bus-top: "You are now a molecule of that vast organism, as you sit under your umbrella on your omnibus-top, with the public apron across your knees, and feel in supreme degree the insensate exultation of being part of the largest thing of its kind in the world, or perhaps the universe." The omnibus itself is to Mr. Howells a symbol, or logarithm, of London's elusive sum. "Its clumsiness is lost in the collective uncouthness which becomes of a tremendous grandeur. The procession bears onward whole populations lifted high in air." In another and less external way Mr. Howells strives to bring home to his readers the incalculability of London. He declares that it could best be visited by a syndicate of cultured Americans, one giving himself to its political interests, another to its religious associations, another to its literary history, and so forth. But he adds the warning that even then the American must reconcile himself to see Londoners as devoted to the leisured study of these phases as himself. "It is not for nothing that poets, novelists, historians, antiquarians have been born in England for so many ages; and not a palm's breadth of her sky, not a foot of her earth . . . but has been fondly noted, studied, and described in prose or celebrated in verse. English books are full of England."

But it is in Mr. Henry James's book that I find the most memorable statements of London's unique quality. It is odd that this quality should be magnitude, and that this should suffice. When you have exhausted the adjectives and phrases of size on a city, it might still be argued that you have communicated nothing, that you have been revelling in mere dimension. But the size of London is not of the kind that requires to be measured before it is known. It is in the air. The scale of the whole is felt in every part, and it is the continual enrichment of this idea that makes the "year hence" so important. Most magnitudes diminish with acquaintance, London's only increases. It is felt the more deeply as it becomes clarified by knowledge, and this knowledge amazes the gatherer as he perceives that it is only a more enlightened ignorance. Nothing in Mr. James's penetrating pages is more human than his account of the first impact of London on his mind. In a day or two he had taken lodgings, and there he sat down, privately housed, to consider his situation. The room was stuffy, there were lithographs on the walls, the light was poor, and the rattle of a hansom shook the window. "A sudden horror of the whole place came over me like a tiger-pounce of home-sickness which had been watching its moment. London was hideous, vicious, cruel, and above all overwhelming; whether or no she was 'careful of the type,' she was as indifferent as Nature herself to the single life." Here, again, in this likening of London to Nature we come upon the new language. In his recent book, "The Soul of London," we had Mr. Hueffer writing of London as a human aggregation which is "almost as essentially a natural product as any great stretch of alluvial soil."

Although I have chosen London as common ground to the three writers whose books are before me, they have observed no such limitation: all of them cast thoughtful looks over England as a whole, and it is remarkable that three books of such note and similarity should come together.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

* "An Outlander in England: Being Some Impressions of An Australian Abroad." By J. H. M. Abbott. (Methuen.)
"London Films." By W. D. Howells. 10s. 6d. (Harper Bros.)
"English Hours." By Henry James. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

## MOLIÈRE AND HIS TIMES.*

It is quite an accident, no doubt, that two studies of Molière and his time have just been issued in this country almost simultaneously, and perhaps it is too much to hope that their publication will put an end to English neglect of this great—nay, greatest—master of the art of comedy. Our own distinguished analyst and exponent of the comic spirit may lavish his superlatives on the Célimènes and the Agnès, the Alcestes and the Arnolphes, and the scenes in which these happy creations of their author's genius figure, but somehow Molière remains for Mr. George Meredith's fellow-countrymen an acknowledged but a neglected foreign classic. Why this should be so it is not easy to understand, any more than why our own finest comic dramatist, Congreve, cannot get a hearing nowadays. If many of Molière's plays, being in the main pictures of French manners, have but a local interest, there are others wherein the types of character presented and the note of humour sounded make an universal appeal. Molière of course is in no sense a romanticist, but English theatrical taste has been far from constant to romance. Indeed, there was a time when Molière exercised a marked influence on a school of English dramatists; our own seventeenth and eighteenth century comedy-writers set up his witty dialogue as a model which

* "The Life of Molière." Henry M. Trollope. 16s. net. (Constable.)
"A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times." Vo. IV. "Molière and His Time." 10s. net. (Duckworth and Co.)

**Molière.**
(Reproduced from "The Life of Molière," by kind permission of Messrs. A. Constable and Co., Ltd.)

they strove to copy, and Dryden, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Cibber, and Fielding paid him the more direct compliment of adaptation and translation. Wycherley's "Plain Dealer" was a version, if a very free version, of "Le Misanthrope," and Vanbrugh translated or adapted no less than three of the Frenchman's comedies. But, save in the case of "The Plain Dealer" and Fielding's "Miser," Molière in English hardly appears even then to have been a draw. In England to-day Molière's plays seem rarely read outside the schoolroom; their fate has been only too often to be used as task-work at which sleepy boys and girls are set to grind amid the patient despair of their French tutors, while the only occasions on which our modern stage ever sees any of these masterpieces of the age of Louis Quatorze are during the rare but welcome visits of M. Coquelin, who has happily not so far broken with the traditions of the House of Molière as not to be willing now and then to repeat his famous impersonations of Mascarille and Gros René, of Tartuffe, Harpagon, and the "bourgeois gentilhomme."

Yes, we English folk neglect Molière sadly; but inasmuch as the present age is one in which the public likes to read about authors—indeed prefers reading about them to studying their works—it is probable enough that the interest which the French playwright has failed to obtain across the Channel will be readily extended to Mr. H. M. Trollope's "life" and to Karl Mantzius's record of "Molière and his Time." Certainly the strongest claim which both books have on the reader's attention is based on their furnishing a faithful and entertaining account of the social conditions of Molière's age. The various classes of people who were the butts of the dramatist's satire—marquises and "precieuses," pedants and "petits maitres," snobs and hypocrites—the history of Molière's long wanderings in the provinces, the constitution of his company, the fate of his plays, the takings of his box-office, the behaviour of his audiences, the long war which the novices of the Palais Royal had to wage with their rivals of the Hotel de Bourgogne, the loyal attitude of King Louis towards the much-assailed poet-playwright, and generally the whole social milieu—Bohemian and aristocratic—of Molière's life, all these personal matters are described with a thoroughness that shows that neither author has spared himself toil in ransacking all the authorities of his theme, ancient and modern. Naturally the treasure-house of La Grange's diary is freely drawn upon by both historians. La Grange, besides being one of the editors of the first complete edition of the plays, was a member—a prominent member—of Molière's company from Easter, 1659—six months after the troop had begun to play at the Hotel du Petit Bourbon—till the year of the dramatist's death, 1673—and indeed long after that, for he kept the company together after Molière's decease. And all this while he kept a daily register, recording every day the play that was acted, the receipts of each performance, the shares due to each actor, after expenses had been deducted, and generally any news connected with the affairs of the troop. "Think," says Mr. Trollope, "if only Heming or Condell had given similar information about Shakespeare's plays when they were new! How greedily we should have devoured the pages of such a diary!" No wonder M. Edouard Thierry called La Grange's register, published, by the way, in 1876, "le livre d'or de la Comedie Française."

Of the two appreciations of Molière just issued, that of Karl Mantzius has infinitely the more vivacious and attractive style. This Danish scholar, who is writing "A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times," of which his volume on Molière and the French theatre of the seventeenth century forms the fourth part, does not pretend to offer an æsthetic appreciation of Molière the poet and comic-dramatist, and does not claim for a moment that his sketch of his subject's life should be considered as a formal biography. His aim has been merely to supply the background of the theatrical history of Molière's time, and to show the environment in which he lived and worked. And well this historian has acquitted himself of his task—admirably diverting, thanks to the tact and literary taste of his translator, Louise von Cassel, does his record read. His book, indeed, has all the appearance of being a series of brilliantly clear generalisations, and yet once it is examined closely, it is astonishing how full it is of carefully related detail. Once and again perhaps its author is a little too hasty at jumping to conclusions. Thus he rather too boldly

**Portrait of Molière as a Young Man**
(Reproduced from "A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times," by kind permission of Messrs. Duckworth and Co.)

*Photo Elliott & Fry.* **A. R. Wallace.**

repeats the old story that the satire of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" was directed against the Hotel de Rambouillet. Now since, as Mr. Trollope is able to point out, the heyday of the Marquise de Rambouillet's assemblies was prior to the Civil War known as the Fronde, which broke out in 1648, and the affectations of its society were comparatively innocent, and the date of Molière's comedy was 1659, it is more reasonable to suppose, as Mr. Trollope supposes, that the playwright's fun was directed against the more ridiculous eccentricities of the less eclectic salons—of the imitators of Rambouillet cabinets—which sprang into notice after the Fronde. Herr Mantzius again is much more convinced than Mr. Trollope as to the exact object of Molière's attack in "Tartuffe," which was aimed, he says, at a religious clique known as "The Society of the Holy Sacrament." He may be right here, but he certainly exaggerates the importance of Molière having been at the same Jesuits' school (where there were nicely graduated ranks) as the Prince de Condé, and he over-emphasises the advantages Molière gained during his provincial "wanderings" from Condé's patronage.

On its historical side, Mr. Trollope's biography is necessarily fuller than Karl Mantzius's book. Mr. Trollope makes larger extracts from La Grange, he expands the details of Molière's tour of the provinces, he gives a more exhaustive and a fairer account of the condition of the French stage prior to Molière's return to Paris. But æsthetic criticism is not Mr. Trollope's strong point. So long as he is relating the historical facts of his subject's career, his language is forcible, if not exactly bright. But as soon as he begins to tackle matters of criticism, his perspicacity seems to desert him. It is a small matter that, as a result perhaps of long residence or study in France, he adopts Gallic idioms and connects relatives and present participles, follows "if" with "that," and revels in "and which's." A far more serious fault of Mr. Trollope's consists in his intellectual incoherence and amateurishness—in his offering a whole series of platitudes and commonplaces as though they were a valuable contribution towards the analysis of Molière's art. Mr. Trollope is fond of question-begging and cant terms, such as "frank" and "wholesome;" he is for ever talking of Molière's humanity and respect for goodness, and he thinks it necessary to defend Molière for not being an enthusiast, whereas, as a matter of fact and of necessity, every comic dramatist from Aristophanes downwards has been a foe of enthusiasm. But Mr. Trollope's most exasperating critical fault is his trick of repetition. He mentions "characterisation" as the chief virtue of Molière not once, but sometimes half a dozen times on a single page. F. G. BETTANY.

## MY LIFE: A RECORD OF EVENTS AND OPINIONS.*

Since the days of Pepys scarcely any man has so ingenuously lifted the veil from his inner and outer life and displayed them to the public as Mr. Wallace has done in this book. With most men there is a salutary consciousness that the details of personal history are seldom of sufficient interest to be confided to the general reader. But Mr. Wallace is no ordinary personality. He has been before the curtain for many years in many parts, naturalist, traveller and explorer, philosopher, political and socialist reformer, spiritualist, anti-Christian and anti-vaccinator. He was the independent and contemporaneous formulator, with Darwin, of the hypothesis of the origin of species by natural selection; and his three great works, "The Malay Archipelago," "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," and the "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," are standard books of reference.

The personal revelation he has given us in this story of his life is a curious psychological study. His earlier years were spent in genteel poverty, as he was son of a thriftless Micawber-like father, who "passed the last few years of his life in comparative freedom from worry about money matters because these had reached such a pitch that nothing worse was to be expected." His schooling was interrupted and not very profitable, as his family moved from place to place; and his youth from fourteen to twenty-one was chiefly spent in wandering over the South and West of England with his brother, who was by profession a land surveyor. He had a short experience afterwards as watchmaker's assistant, as usher in a small school, and as railway surveyor, before he discovered the occupation for which he was best fitted, that of explorer and collector of natural history specimens. From 1848 to 1862 he was engaged in travel and research of this nature in South America and in the Malay Archipelago. Since his return he has been unremittingly active in literary work, which has not been confined to subjects relating to the record of his work as naturalist, but he has also, with considerable versatility, published essays on popular science and on speculative themes of various sorts.

The parts of this work which deal with his early life, and indeed much of the matter relating to his later literary life, abound in details which Iago would certainly have characterised as chronicles of "small beer," and, doubtless, had he submitted his MS. to any judicious friend, the pruning scissors would probably have been freely used. Most of us have, when boys, made bread seals, and many have seen, or even felt, the inconveniences of a sudden suspension of the supply of tobacco. The four pages of epitaphs and riddles from his father's note-book might also have been omitted without loss, and it would have been in better taste had the account of the unfortunate love story in Ch. XXIV. been left unwritten. Some of the digressions (which are many) are important, as showing the manner in which he formed his opinions; others might have been abridged with advantage.

The chapters which deal with his travels in S. America and the Malay Archipelago are graphic and interesting, as are those that record the events of his lecturing tour in America in 1886-7. The notes show a keen appreciation of the poetry of Nature, a faculty of which there are very few traces in the writings of Darwin; indeed the best parts of the whole work are some of the descriptions of scenery, especially those of Wales and N. America. He has devoted five chapters to the account of his intercourse with the great naturalists of his acquaintance, Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, etc. Mr. Wallace has been very fortunate in his friends, and he has set forth here not only the points of mutual agreement, but also those on which they differed.

It was his misfortune that, owing to his adverse early circumstances, he had not the advantage of a laboratory training in comparative anatomy, which is now considered to be one of the essential parts of the equipment of a field naturalist. This branch of science does not seem to have attracted him, for he tells us that he has never seen a dissection nor has he had ever any inclination to practise the art.

It has been also unfortunate that training in practical

* "My Life: A Record of Events and Opinions." By Alfred Russel Wallace. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

physiology should have been equally lacking in his education, for although he states that he never had an hour's instruction on the subject, never saw a physiological experiment, and had a profound distaste for all such, yet he is a believer in the ancient phrenology of Gull and Spurzheim, of the truth of which he was "satisfied" on the slender evidence of two very commonplace stock characters given by two itinerant lecturers on the subject, which rendered it "certain that the position of all the mental organs had been very precisely determined."

A mind of the type of Mr. Wallace's often proves an easy prey to the impostor, and in his naïve record of his money matters he tells us how he has suffered from the familiar "confidence tricks" of the Stock Exchange, whereby he lost most of the hardly earned results of his expeditions. His misfortunes in this respect have, however, not impaired his confidence in his own judgment on other matters, such as anti-vaccination and spiritualism, of which subjects he is an aggressive partisan.

Our author is a man of strong opinions on many subjects. Politically he is a Socialist, having been converted to that creed by Bellamy's "Looking Backward." He regards it to be the duty of the British nation "to evacuate Gibraltar, dismantle the fortress and give it over to Spain. Crete and Cyprus should be free to join Greece. Malta in like manner would be given the choice of absolute self-government under the protection of Britain or union with Italy." We should also give "absolute internal self-government to Ireland, with protection from attack by any foreign Power; and the same to the Transvaal and Orange Free State; and this last we should do in sackcloth and ashes, with full acknowledgment of our heinous offences against liberty and our plighted word."

The other reforms he proposes as remedies for the defects in our social system are land nationalisation, abolition of the Limited Liability Act, the getting rid of Government funds, preference shares, etc., the nationalisation of the railways. In this way he would abolish the class who live on the unearned increment of capital, as he would leave no safe investment except agriculture, manufacture, or commerce. The evil of large estates he would remedy by their distribution in freeholds of four or five acres to each labourer. His Socialism is not exactly of the pattern of Marx or Lassale, but is a sort of eclectic synthesis of Owenism, Saint Simonism, and the financial schemes of Schulze-Delitsch.

Mr. Wallace's religious position is that of a believer in a spirit world and a future state. He is repelled from Christianity by the character and inconsistencies of those that profess it, and, as far as can be gathered from his works, he is otherwise still an agnostic.

Although he has reached the patriarchal age of eighty-two, Mr. Wallace is still mentally vigorous. That he may long continue so is the earnest wish of all those who have known him either personally or through his writings.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

## FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW.*

Goldsmith's reputation as a humorist is generally attributed to one great comedy. This unpardonable mistake is probably due to the fact that even the most complete editions of his works give only extracts—hopelessly dull extracts—from his "History of Animated Nature." For this is undoubtedly Goldsmith's most original and diverting effort. In his own day it was for the most part taken seriously, and for many a year afterwards it was reprinted and solemnly annotated. Quite recently it has become a fashion in juvenile Christmas literature to exploit the humorous side of the lives of "our poor relations." Goldsmith was a pioneer in many literary adventures, and no modern comic "book of beasts" makes even a distant approach to his inimitable "History." Of his contemporaries Johnson alone understood Goldsmith. And his insight did not fail him regarding this masterpiece. When Thrale foolishly challenged Dr. Goldsmith to go to his stables to verify a surprising statement concerning the horse, Johnson successfully protested against fiction being brought to the touchstone of fact!

Mr. Bell's delightful volume has reminded us of "The History of Animated Nature" for the reason that we can recall no other book which has so well succeeded in making natural history as pleasing as a Persian tale. (The pleasing property of the Persian tale was a secret buried with Johnson, for which we owe him a grudge as bitter as that we bear against Diggory for his selfish monopoly of that remarkable story of the "owd grouse in the gun-room.") As the comparison may well seem to be the reverse of complimentary to the accuracy of Mr. Bell's facts, we must hasten to say that the books achieve a similar result by very different means. Goldsmith delights us by his humour, the magic of his style, and the unapproachable gravity of his inaccuracy. Mr. Bell hypnotises us by his enthusiasm, his humour, and his modestly-displayed but most convincing knowledge. The range of his interest and observation has been so wide that only a jury empanelled from keepers at the "Zoo" could hope to pass a verdict on the accuracy of his statements. No reader of his book will doubt them. Mr. Bell's work is one such as rarely gladdens the eye of the reviewer. It is the brilliant and humorous record of the life-long pursuit of a delightful hobby. The special charm of the book evades description. It seems to us to lie chiefly in its sincerity, its humour, and its contagious enthusiasm. Of any attempt at fine writing Mr. Bell is happily quite innocent. He tells a plain, unvarnished tale with the gusto of a true sportsman. And, unlike most men with a hobby, he does not bore his auditor. He takes you by the arm with a delightful air of good-fellowship; and before you realise it he is racing you round his aviaries and his unique menagerie with the eagerness of a schoolboy who is hustling his newly-arrived chum into an immediate visit to his rabbit-hutch.

The width of Mr. Bell's sympathies and interest may be inferred from the fact that the book begins with emus and ends with wasps. Between these extremes Mr. Bell introduces us to many scores of his intimate animal friends. And the introduction is effected so pleasantly that we feel at once on friendly terms with emus, mongooses, monkeys, snakes, Iceland collies, ravens, budgerigars, goosanders, waterhens, hedgehogs, rough-legged buzzards, short-eared owls, velvet scoters, and many others with whom it would be sheer affectation to say that we had any previous acquaintance. Every reader will, of course, pick his own friends. We confess that even Mr. Bell's engaging narrative does not inspire us to emulate his friend who "invariably" slept with a South American boa coiled at his feet. The same gentleman "frequently took the python to bed." Mr. Bell is reticent about this gentleman's later history. We have a horrid wonder whether one morning there was an empty bed and a smile on the face of the python! We have a greater regard for the emus, fellows apparently of infinite jest and very patterns of conjugal fidelity. Mr. Bell is at his best in his short biography of Tommy and Jenny "Emu." When Jenny had laid her eggs, each a trifle weighing one and a half pounds, Tommy made it his business to hatch them.

> "He did not touch food or water during the whole period of incubation, which lasted for fifty-eight days in this instance, though both were kept constantly beside him.
>
> "When the young ones had left the nest, Tommy was naturally very thin after his long fast, but was quite hearty, and was most determined to murder his wife if possible, who, I forgot to mention, had been fenced off the day he began to sit. He twice jumped over this fence, which was 4 feet 6 inches high; but, excepting a severe beating, no great harm was done to Jenny. The rheas, who were in the same enclosure as Jenny, were too fleet of foot, and Tommy could not catch them."

Speaking of emus, Mr. Bell is able to give interesting confirmation of the accuracy of the poet who sang of the cassowary

> "On the plains of Timbuctoo,
> Who ate up a missionary,
> Carpet-bag and hymn-book too."

For Tommy's digestion was even more remarkable than his marital devotion. Not only could he hatch eggs, but he could eat nails. One morning he made a hasty snack off a bag of tin-tacks, and was discovered just in time in the attempt to bolt the carpenter's chisel. It is a pity that emus are so tall and strong and expensive. Else it is clear that no garden should be without them. Broken dishes would no longer be a nightmare to the scullion. They would serve as a pick-me-up to the emu.

From his history of Tommy Emu the reader may easily judge of Mr. Bell's delightful way. We have not space to

* "My Strange Pets, and Other Memories of Country Life." By Richard Bell, of Castle O'er. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

retrace in review the pleasant journey we have made in his company. But we must quote the tragical and moving history of Jacko's tail. Monkeys, Mr. Bell assures us, out of sheer idleness (*teste* Dr. Watts), "nibble their own tails." This tale of tails tells its own moral.

"Jacko was addicted to this habit, and the resulting sore became so bad that the tail broke through at one of the joints about six inches from the 'tar end,' and kept dangling about in a most uncomfortable looking manner. This loose piece became 'dead,' and it required cutting away, but I did not like to perform the operation myself, simple though it was.

"It happened, however, one day that the local doctor had been assisting to amputate a poor man's leg in the neighbourhood. He called on me on his way home, and I asked him, 'as his hand was in,' would he cut off the monkey's 'tail-piece,' and he readily consented. Jacko was placed in a sack, with his tail outside, and I held him under my arm. When the piece was amputated, the stump was seared with a red-hot iron. The doctor stayed to dinner, and after the meal was over I went to see how the 'patient' was, and brought him into the dining-room.

"As was his wont, he sat on the fender bar. I suggested he should have a glass of wine to freshen him up after the operation, and as his medical adviser had no objections, I handed him a good bumper of sherry. He held the glass in one paw and the tail-stump in the other. He would first look at his stump, emitting at the same time a most melancholy whimpering sound, and then take a sip of wine, repeating the action over and over again. The scene loses in the telling, but the whole thing was so ludicrous, and still so human-like, that the worthy doctor nearly fell off his chair with laughing."

Besides giving many stories as true as they are good, Mr. Bell's volume is a repertory of curious information. Take the hedgehog, for example. We remember the amazement with which we first saw a hedgehog run and clamber over a garden wall after hours of passive resistance to a pertinacious terrier. But Mr. Bell assures us that the hedgehog can not only run, but whistle "blithe and clearly." Nor must we omit mention of Cocky, a lemon-crested cockatoo.

"If any person whistled a tune he would have danced for an hour, I am sure—at least, he generally tired out the 'fiddler.' His contortions, accompanied by screams of laughter, were extremely ludicrous: during his performance he would throw himself into every possible position, and even fall off his perch altogether, when he hung by his chain, flapping his wings, still continuing his outbursts of hilarity. . . As I write he is going through some of his performances with as much vigour as when I first made his acquaintance thirty-six years ago. He shows no sign whatever of old age, and his health, plumage, and spirits are as perfect as when I first saw him."

The headline of one of Mr. Bell's pages is "The Rook with the Deformed Beak." This is eloquent proof of the author's width of sympathy and keenness of observation; and such is the allurement of his enthusiasm that we are made to feel genuinely interested in the rook and to grieve over the unfortunate condition of his beak. We are sorry that space does not enable us to enliven our review with a few more of the scores of delightful passages we had marked for quotation. But there are no inequalities in this volume. It is all the best of good reading. Boys will be fascinated by it, but they will probably find some difficulty for a few weeks in filching it from the so-called study of the "old boy." Every boy who has ever kept a pet is familiar with the name of Frank Buckland. We shall be glad, and certainly not surprised, if Richard Bell achieves something of his friend's renown. J. H. LOBBAN.

# Novel Notes.

**THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES.** By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Blackwood.)

These striking tales of the veldt appear in collected form with the reflected glory of their serial publication in "Maga." It is high praise, but not a whit too high, to say that they rank with the very best of the famous "Tales from 'Blackwood.'" Among recent short stories it is difficult, if not impossible, to think of any that equal them, whether in regard to their dramatic force and interest or their very remarkable literary finish. At first sight many readers will quarrel with the title of the book; but after perusal most, we imagine, will applaud Mr. Gibbon's choice. For in the "Vrouw Grobelaar" Mr. Gibbon has achieved a bit of brilliant characterisation. The Vrouw is a distinct addition to "the line" in the portrait gallery of English fiction. She is the supposed narrator of all the stories in this volume, and her strong personality—a wonderful blend of shrewdness, cunning, humour, and courage—gives a unity to the volume greater than will be found in most of the carefully constructed plots of present-day romance. The stories in themselves are of extraordinary interest. They are an indispensable text-book for a knowledge of Boer life, and Mr. Gibbon bids fair to become our chosen interpreter of South Africa as Mr. Kipling is of Anglo-India. That Mr. Gibbon owes much to Mr. Kipling is undoubted. But he is no servile imitator. His stories, both in form and in matter, breathe a refreshing originality, and we are much mistaken if they do not indicate a great reserve force. It is at once their merit and their promise that they are never for a moment weak or diffuse. In a good short story, as in a sonnet, every line must tell. Mr. Gibbon has realised this, and his labours with the file have resulted in a piece of undoubted artistry. Than Vrouw Grobelaar and Katje, we have not recently encountered two more delightful characters in fiction.

**THE PURSUIT OF MR. FAVIEL.** By R. E. Vernède. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

It appears that we were mistaken in thinking the form and matter of the detective story established as if by the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. Mr. Vernède has provided a distinct variation. Instead of crime and mystery, we have merely disappearance for a wager. Instead of melodrama and the creeps, we have farce. Mr. Faviel, the handsome explorer, and a slippery financier, called Blenkenstein, are in love with Lady Mallendon's niece, Judith. They quarrel, and wager for £10,000 a side that Faviel cannot vanish under certain conditions for the space of a month. It is obvious, of course, that if Faviel goes right away, he leaves the field clear for his rival in love. How he eludes capture, escaping on several occasions by the decimal part of a hairsbreadth, and yet communicates with Judith, forms the groundwork of the story, which is further complicated by an independent search undertaken by Mr. Faviel's aunt and her fat pug, Monarch. We do not like the author's very smart wit. His dramatis personæ are the usual marionnettes of high life and higher finance. The plot is preposterous. Coincidence is stretched to absurdity. That is why only the most ferocious partisan of a hundred best books could read the "Pursuit of Mr. Faviel" without laughing at it as well as with it. The story is ridiculously funny.

**MADAME WILL YOU WALK?** By Beth Ellis. 6s. (Blackwood and Sons.)

"Chelsea China" one would feel inclined to entitle the pretty ladies who walk and who talk in this piquant volume, but that the spirit of them is such as would shiver to dust any potter's clay, however good the outer glaze. Queen Anne was *not* dead when Lord Wildmore laid his wagers, the winning of which gave rise to the various romances which this book chronicles. The wagers were a hundred guineas to whomsoever at the month's end should produce a favour gained from one or other of those named by him as the ten fairest and proudest women in London. Queen Anne was alive, Marlborough was out of favour, there was more than one man with James Stuart's features, ready to give trouble; but in spite of these last two facts the world of London was very gay; manners were certainly free and play was high; there was, too, a wealth of romance in the period, and Miss Ellis has woven it with such dainty skill and colouring as went to the making of the exquisite brocades in which her heroes and heroines danced the "Minuet au Coeur." The charming old song which suggested the title, and is printed at the beginning, finds itself well matched in Miss Ellis's graceful old-time comedies.

**A CUMBERLAND VENDETTA.** By John Fox, junr. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a new tale by the American author who made his name in this country with the idyll "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." The story of "A Cumberland Vendetta" is slight, and concerns itself wholly with the progress of a feud between Transatlantic country families who live by the side of the river Cumberland. The writing is strong but simple, and the strength and simplicity are those of a craftsman with a thorough mastery over his tools. There is no bungling, no slipshod work; and the right word is invariably found. The feud is a bitter one, it has lasted for generations, and the families avail themselves of every opportunity to do each other harm. In the end there is

tragedy, but out of it springs a marriage, and the vendetta is no more. The American country scenery is charmingly drawn, and the American dialect (of which there is a good deal) is such as need repel no reader. There are spirited full-page wash-drawings by Mr. Louis Loeb.

**FLIES IN AMBER.** By George Egerton. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In "Flies in Amber" we hear again the emphatic, purposeful voice of the lady who wrote "Keynotes" in the days when the Pioneer Club was something novel and well-advertised, and the "Yellow Book" was in existence or about to come into existence. "George Egerton" was taken to represent what were then the New women; and the short stories here show that she is still in high revolt, and that her dislike of the conventionalities of the "suburban" view is as keen as ever. The majority of the tales deal with "sex" problems; and some of the sayings-by-the-way are, to say the least of them, "frank," while at times, too, in the descriptions of love-making there is a lack of delicacy and restraint; all of which is a pity, the lady being a writer of real power, who can present a subtle analysis of a feminine character. With men she is not so successful: now and again we seem to have hints that she thinks there ought to be admiration for men of the impossible type represented by Mr. Rochester. To our mind the best thing in the book is "The Interment of Little Alice," which tells with quiet pathos of the funeral of a London child from a slum near Red Lion Court, Bloomsbury. It is a tale free from the eternal "sex" controversy; but its excellence is not added to by the following, in which we have taken the liberty of italicising one word. A procession is being described, and we are told that it "caused a block at the Holborn end of Gray's Inn Road, paralysing *circumlocution* from the Marble Arch to the Bank."

**RICHARD HARTLEY, PROSPECTOR.** By Douglas Blackburn. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There is some uncommonly good character drawing in "Richard Hartley." Graham Wilmot, a failure at home in England and incapable of doing the only work that is obtainable out in the Transvaal, is well enough, but Richard Hartley, the luckless but sternly honest prospector with his weakness for drink and his quaint method of holding himself in check, is better, and in some ways the canny, close-fisted, suspicious inventor, Adam M'Queen, is better still. Wilmot discovers by the merest chance the place in which a gatling gun has been hidden by the Jameson raiders who have lately been defeated and captured, and are yet in prison at Pretoria. He takes Hartley into his confidence, and together they enter upon a perilous gun-running enterprise, which is to make the fortune of both of them. Adam reluctantly takes a hand in the business, and after much intriguing and many narrow escapes the gun is successfully got across the border and delivered into the hands of the chief of the Magatos. But for all their secrecy they have been discovered, and on the return journey Hartley's proverbial luck overtakes him, and nearly all the great reward they had striven so hard for is mysteriously filched from them. There are some very clever sketches of Boer life and character, and one is left with vivid impressions of the squalor and sordidness and soulless narrowness of existence in the big mining centres of the place. The love interest of the story is rightly kept in the background, but has an important influence on it, and adds no little to the interest and attractiveness of what is a distinctly interesting and ably written novel.

**BARBARA REBELL.** By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

We said of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' "Heart of Penelope" that: "It is a full book, and the stories of its various characters are very deftly woven into a novel of quite exceptional interest." Of "Barbara Rebell" we might say the same, and more. It is in the main a study of irregular relations, entered upon and persisted in by one couple of fine emotional nature; rejected, though hardly so, by another couple touched to still finer issues.

> "So Love can conquer Honour; when that's past,
> Dead Honour risen outdoes Love at last."

Most women, in writing of such irregular relations, either flaunt them defiantly or condemn them without question. They preach. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes does neither. And therein lies her strength. Just because she is not led aside by ethical considerations unnecessary to the story, by a desire to reform or preach, she is able to apply without hindrance a clever woman's subtle knowledge of her sex to the task of working out the situation, or rather of letting her characters work it out for themselves. Nor are her men puppets, though, with the exception of Dr. McKirdy, a rough-tongued, shrewd old Scotsman, sentimental at heart, they are decidedly more sketchy than Barbara Rebell and her godmother, Madame Sampiero (*née* Rebell)—the two women who are alike in being separated from more than worthless husbands; unlike in their relations with the men who do love them. "Barbara Rebell" should please those who ask of a novelist intellectual enjoyment, good writing, and that *quelque chose de spirituel* which is so difficult to define.

**THE CLOAK OF FRIENDSHIP.** By Laurence Housman. 6s. (Murray.)

There are seven little stories in Mr. Housman's book, and more than one rare and delightful thread runs through all. Each is tender, graceful, and finished. And each reveals faintly the thought with which it is inwoven. In the "Troubling of the Waters" that thought is rather more elusive and therefore more distracting than in the others. Indeed, perhaps the beauty in all would be clearer if they seemed merely stories and legends, and all else of chance rather than intention. The child is the inspiration of each—the child's love and wonder of the beasts; the child's is the cloak of friendship, refuge of all creatures, oppressor and oppressed; the child's the silvery salamander got by a ruse into heaven. And the briefest of all, the "Love-child," is the most beautiful. To come back to simplicity by way of artifice—that surely is, by how weary a circuit! the goal of every artist. Here and there in his book Mr. Housman betrays the artifice—a word too pictorial, too arresting to mingle, and an occasional hint of elaboration. Here and there fall as if by chance fine little wise spontaneous sentences:—"If thou keep me in memory, I remain." "But the memory gives disquiet to a man: only the eyes give rest." "When I have seen it I shall know that I have seen it," answered the youth solemnly. Not many of us are so certain. And this, of the wizard's assured reward everywhen and everywhere:—"A few even refused to sell to him, but they were not so many as those who would not buy, *nor did their refusal matter so much.*"

# The Bookman's Table.

**LIFE OF GENERAL SIR ANDREW CLARKE.** Edited by Col. R. H. Vetch, C.B., with a Preface by Colonel Sir G. S. Clarke. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

"What are you going to do Saturday and Sunday? Will you and Mrs. Clarke do me the honour of coming to me from Saturday to Monday, either this week or next? I can really put you up very well, and Mrs. C.'s maid shall be made love to by my coxswain." This quotation from one of the letters to Sir Andrew Clarke printed in his Life illustrates the danger of modern biography. The biographer is apt to sink to triviality. Sir Andrew lived a strenuous and valuable life, although he never fought in the field. He was far-sighted, an administrator never paralysed by red tape or fear of his own initiative, almost revolutionary for one in touch with the War Office; he was one of the workers for the Empire, whose services were accepted as part of the order of things, and because his work was so sterling it was seldom brilliant, and the recognition of the State was slow to come his way. His first and last energies were devoted to Australia: between, he served on the Gold Coast, was Director of Works for the Admiralty, Governor of the Straits Settlements and member of the Viceroy's Council, Commandant of the School of Military Engineering, and Inspector-General of Fortifications. In all phases of his career he did well, and it should be recalled with gratitude by the public and with pride by his friends. But it would have attracted more notice to-day had it been told more briefly; an appreciation, however just, spread over 300 odd pages is bound to have tedious and prolix passages.

**BURFORD PAPERS.** By William Holden Hutton, B.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

These studies in eighteenth century life and literature derive their title, as Mr. Hutton says in his preface, from

the fact that they were all written "to or in a house at Burford, in Oxfordshire." The first four articles in the book contain much of interest concerning Fanny Burney and her circle, and if the two dozen hitherto unpublished letters from "Daddy" Crisp to Mrs. Gast, of Burford, tell us nothing fresh about the author of "Evelina," and throw no new lights on her personality, they have the value that attaches to every authentic contemporary document that records anything of her doings, and they give incidental and charmingly unaffected glimpses of the life and thought and habits of the time. Following a delightful little series of essays "Among my Books" comes what many will find the most fascinating section of the volume, "A Warwickshire Coterie," which gossips very pleasantly and with an excellent enthusiasm about Shenstone, Somerville, who wrote "The Chase," Lady Luxborough, Jago, and Richard Graves. In writing these latter sketches Mr. Hutton would seem to have dipped his pen in the curious charm and very quietness of the country life of the eighteenth century, and his pages are impregnated with its atmosphere. Shenstone had no commanding personality, and the vein of poetry running through his best poems is not a rich one; but if buyers are sent to his book and pilgrims to the "Leasowes" under the spell of these essays, they will certainly not regret going to either. Mr. Hutton always writes interestingly, and is scholarly without being academic. The book is illustrated with several admirable photographs.

# Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

It is, indeed, a "Tale in Porcelain" which Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle gives us in **French Nan** (6s.). With that light touch of theirs which is so daintily effective, these authors tell the tale of Lady Anne Day, the child-wife of the Squire of Queen's Compton, in Oxfordshire. Lady Anne, born in France, and half French by extraction, yearned for the gay life of Town, in that period when powder and patches were "the mode"; and she worried her countrified husband past endurance. Then begins this dainty, porcelain version of "The Taming of the Shrew," to accomplish which Squire Day not only follows the line of some modern believers who declare that punishment in the next world is brought about by a surfeit of what has been our favourite pleasure in this one, but he joins in the punishment himself. In effect he not only allows his wife a surfeit of Town gaiety, but he takes to it on his own account. This is the bare *motif* of the story. The telling of it makes one of the prettiest books of the season.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

**Wild Wheat,** by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), (6s.) is, it seems, an innocuous variation of wild oats, and Peter Hounsell's sowing of his is the main theme of this graceful country tale. Peter was the second son of a rich yeoman farmer, and when the rich yeoman farmer died and left his wealth, as with his pride of family he thought right, to his wife, and then to his elder son, Peter was in a somewhat anomalous and uncomfortable position. It was all very well until the trio squabbled, but when that happened Peter, the headstrong, went off and did seemingly reckless things, which included taking a situation that entirely cut him off from his family, loving a girl in a higher position than his own, marrying one in a lower position, and meeting with vicissitudes which were interesting and natural, but were, again, uncomfortable for Peter. This impetuous hero, however, is brave and sturdy, and Mrs. Blundell has a charming knack of making us kindly affectioned towards both sides in the quarrel. There is genuine tenderness in her work, real sentiment without sentimentality, and an atmosphere of unspoiled rural life which is as good a tonic as a week in the country.

MR. JOHN LANE.

There is a never-ending charm about such a book as has been compiled by Miss Theodore Thompson, under the title of **Underneath the Bough** (5s. net). Miss Thompson calls it "A Posie of Other Men's Flowers," and this means that, from a very wide field of reading, she has culled quantities of beautiful thoughts, and gathered them into this pretty volume. The choice is marked by catholicity of taste and sound judgment, by freshness of material, for the majority of the selections are uncommon, and by a true instinct for proportion. It is an inspiring, heartening little volume, very daintily produced.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons are really ingenious in their little schemes for helping the brains of their fellow creatures. In a series of little books—little enough to be slipped into a waistcoat pocket—they have provided what may be called "Tips for the Million." Two small volumes lie before us at the moment, **The Newspaper Reader's Companion,** by Albert M. Hyamson (1s. net.), in which may be found an explanation of all the terms and expressions in general use in newspapers, from the "Geneva Convention" to a "Mugwump," from "Gerrymandering" to the "Unearned Increment." And the second volume, **Who Wrote That?** by H. Swan (1s. net), which is in truth a generous dictionary, in tiny compass, of prose quotations. This latter is useful for reference, and is at the same time extremely good reading. This Miniature Reference Library is a real boon to busy business men.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH.

Mr. Henry Leach has had ample experience of journalism in most of its phases, both in the provinces, in the gallery, and in the "street." In **Fleet Street from Within** (1s.), he writes a bright acount of the production of present-day papers, with a clear exposition of the younger journalism. He has no secrets to divulge, for the press tells its own secrets as a rule, but he has many pleasant anecdotes, and some sad ones to give variety to his pages. The public, wishing to understand the supposed *arcana* of Fleet Street, to realise some of the rewards and many of the trials of the journalist, and to look on morning and evening papers, perhaps, with more appreciation of difficulties conquered, and surely with more tolerance of occasional blunders, could not do better than read Mr. Leach's booklet.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

That one need not live "piggishly" because one is poor, is a fact proved by Mrs. Willoughby Wallace in **Woman's Kingdom** (3s. 6d.). Taking the small means for granted, she begins by telling us how to choose a house, and goes on to tell us not only how to furnish it and decorate it from attic to basement, but also how to keep the servants in it, and entertain our friends. This is a new volume in the readable and practical "Home Series," which Messrs. Constable publish, a series designed to aid "the mistress of the house." We have praise to give it for its cheerful help and suggestive illustrations; the only improvement we would advise is that the subjects of the several chapters should be carried along at the top of the right-hand pages.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Miss Ada Cambridge always gives her novels a setting which takes her readers straight into the heart of a rich, free, Australian life. **Platonic Friendship** (6s.), has heroines of various ages; Dinah, perhaps, is the real heroine, aged twenty-seven, but Dinah's mother, aged forty-six, is, in her way, quite as interesting, and her love-affair is quite as "young" as that of her daughter. Dinah, indeed, it was who elected to try platonic friendship; but it is an exceptional nature which can do this with success, and Dinah, though exceptional in many ways, was not, finally, equal to a continuous platonic friendship. There is vivacity in the story, and an unhackneyed atmosphere about it.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

The work of Miss Lilian Street always deserves attention, the note in her songs is sincere, the form graceful and strong in its simplicity. In **Shadow and Gleam** (2s. 6d. net) she sings of Love, and London, and many of the smaller things which *au fond* are great. Always her lines arrest; they are never dull, or trite; and although not able to win for their author the laurel crown and a place in the forefront of the century's poets, they will win, by their personal understanding, what should be valued by any poet, viz., the affection of scores of readers.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

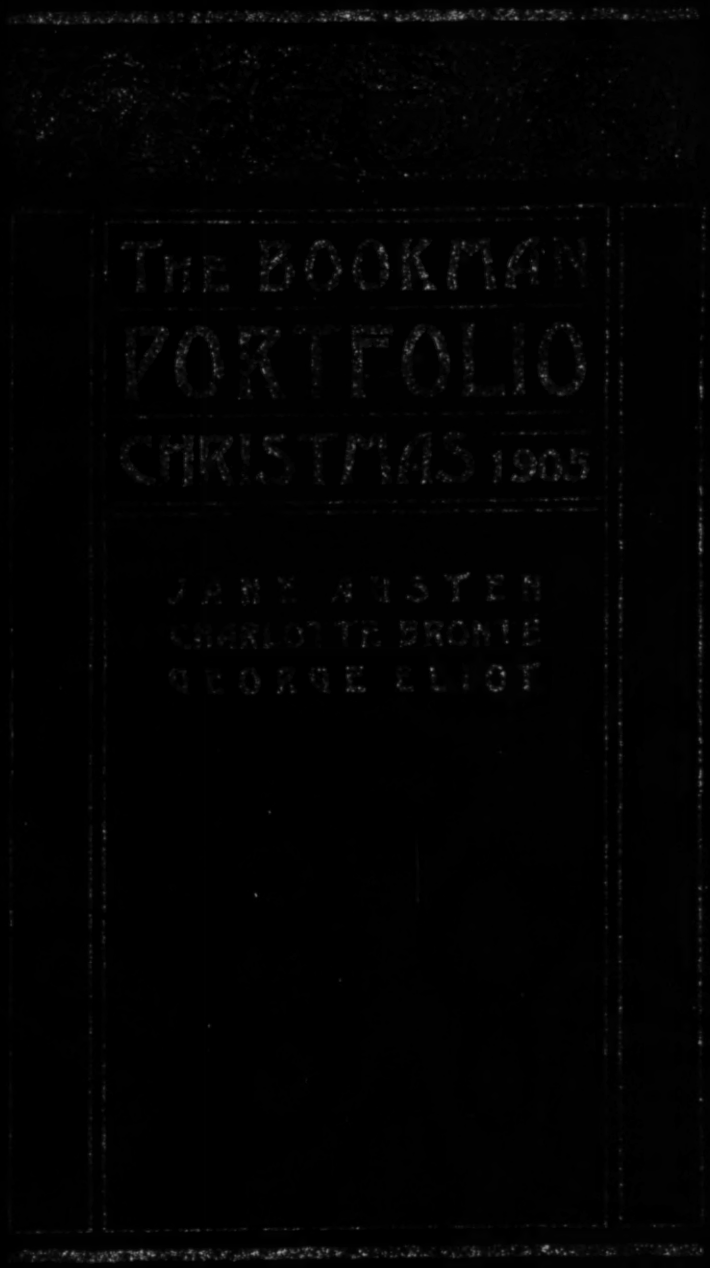
It is always interesting to read a book which has won a place for itself, and **Saints in Society,** by Mrs. Baillie Saunders (6s.), has done this very triumphantly. It is, as most persons know by this time, the prize-story in the First Novel Competition, and its rivals, we are told, were many. Mrs. Saunders takes for her theme the effect of worldly success on the characters of a young husband and wife: from slums to Society she takes them, from Walworth to wealth; and to our surprise it is the tawdry, selfish little wife who is ennobled in character by the dizzy position, it is the strenuous husband, whose heart was heretofore glowing with enthusiasm for his suffering brethren, who now is unable to stand the test of power and flattery. The idea has freshness as the author has presented it, and her "social problems" are properly lightened by shrewd observation, which is sometimes even severe. This record of two souls makes a readable story, and we congratulate both author and publisher.

## Reprints and New Editions.

As a good "working Shakespeare," it would be hard to better that just issued by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. It is one handy volume, **The Oxford Shakespeare** (7s. 6d.), edited by that sound Shakespearean scholar, Mr. W. J. Craig, printed on Oxford India paper, bound in limp cloth, and containing a glossary. With its good type, numbered lines, and an Index of Characters, it is to be most heartily recommended.

A very welcome reprint is that which has been now included in the Harmsworth Library—**The Golden Treasury,** by Francis T. Palgrave, published by the Amalgamated Press. There is no need at this time of day to sing its well-deserved praises, or be amazed at the excellence of this famed authology of song and lyric. We need be amazed only at its price (1s.).

Mr. William Heinemann is another publisher who knows the popularity of reprints and new editions. One of his latest is a large type, fine-paper edition of **Ebb-Tide,** by R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, 2s. net cloth, 3s. net leather.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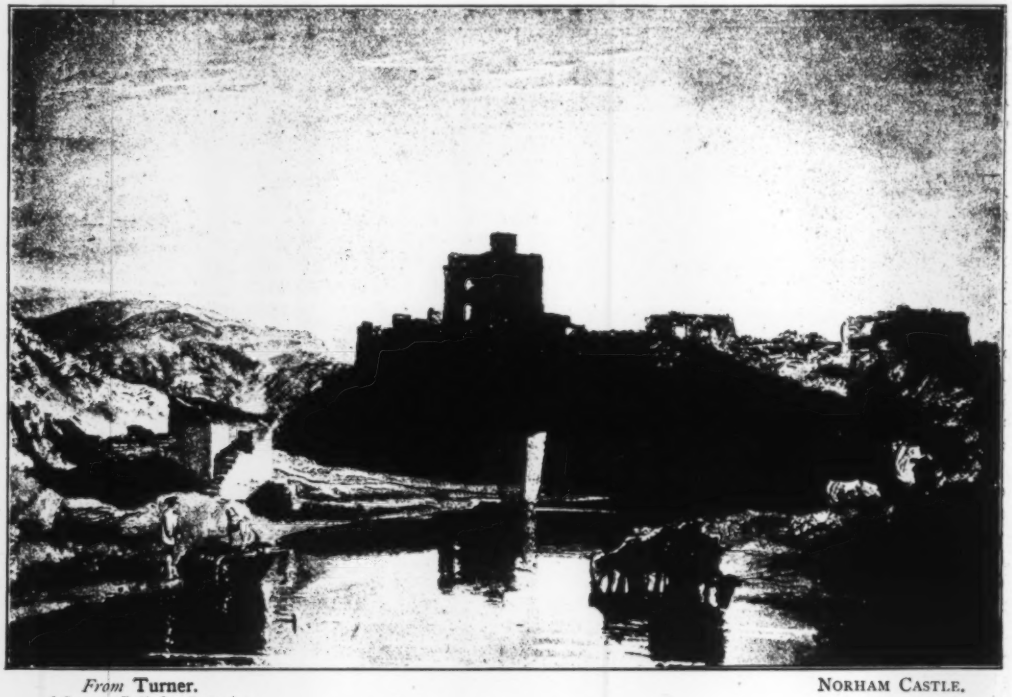

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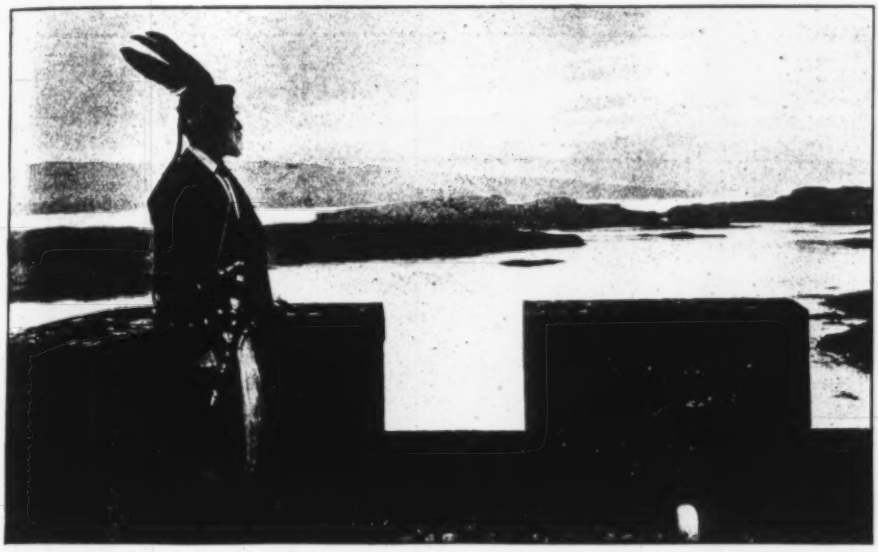

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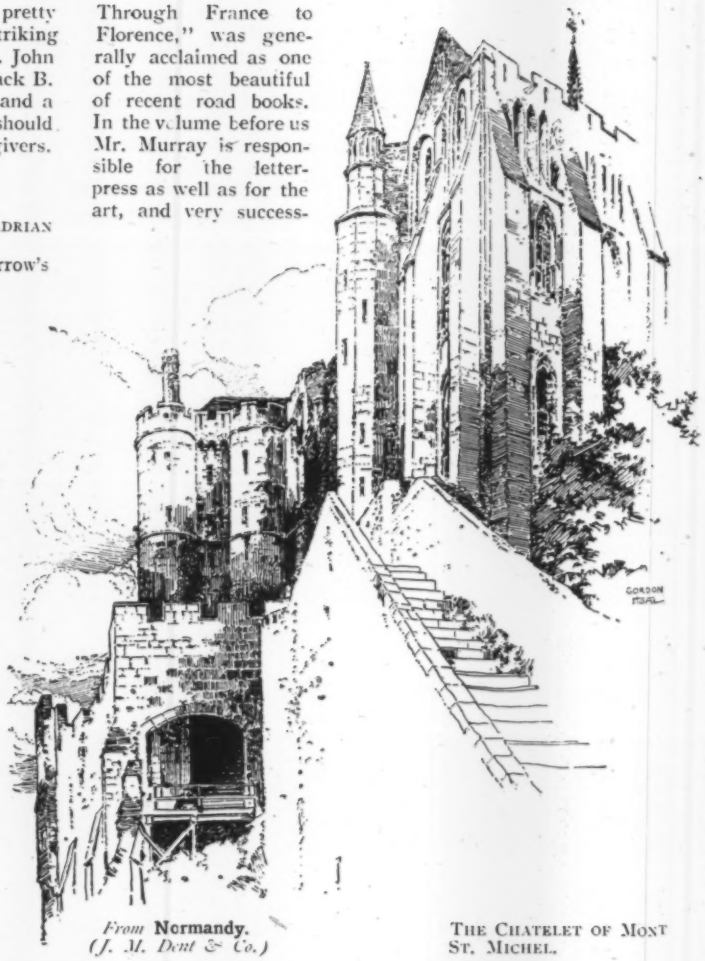

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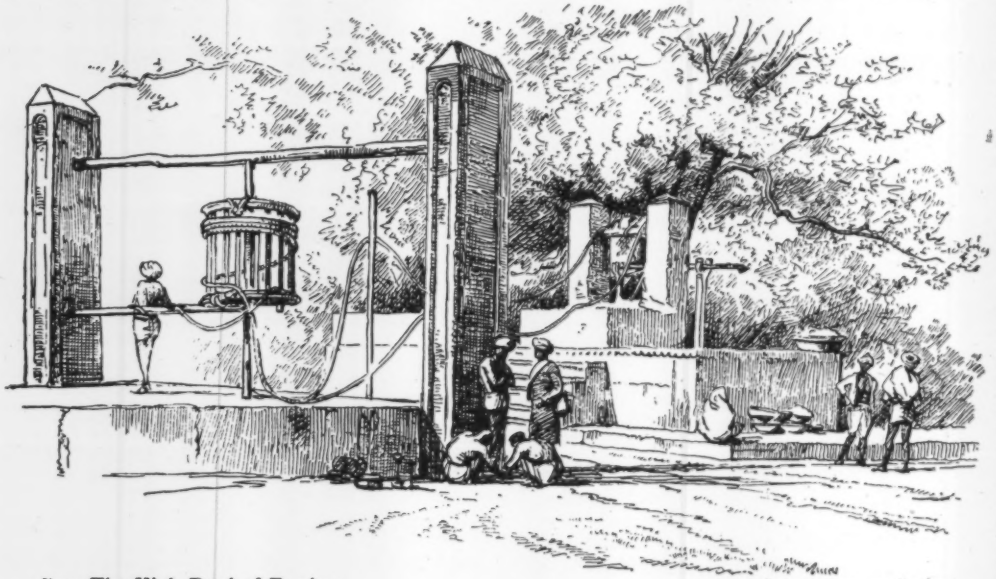

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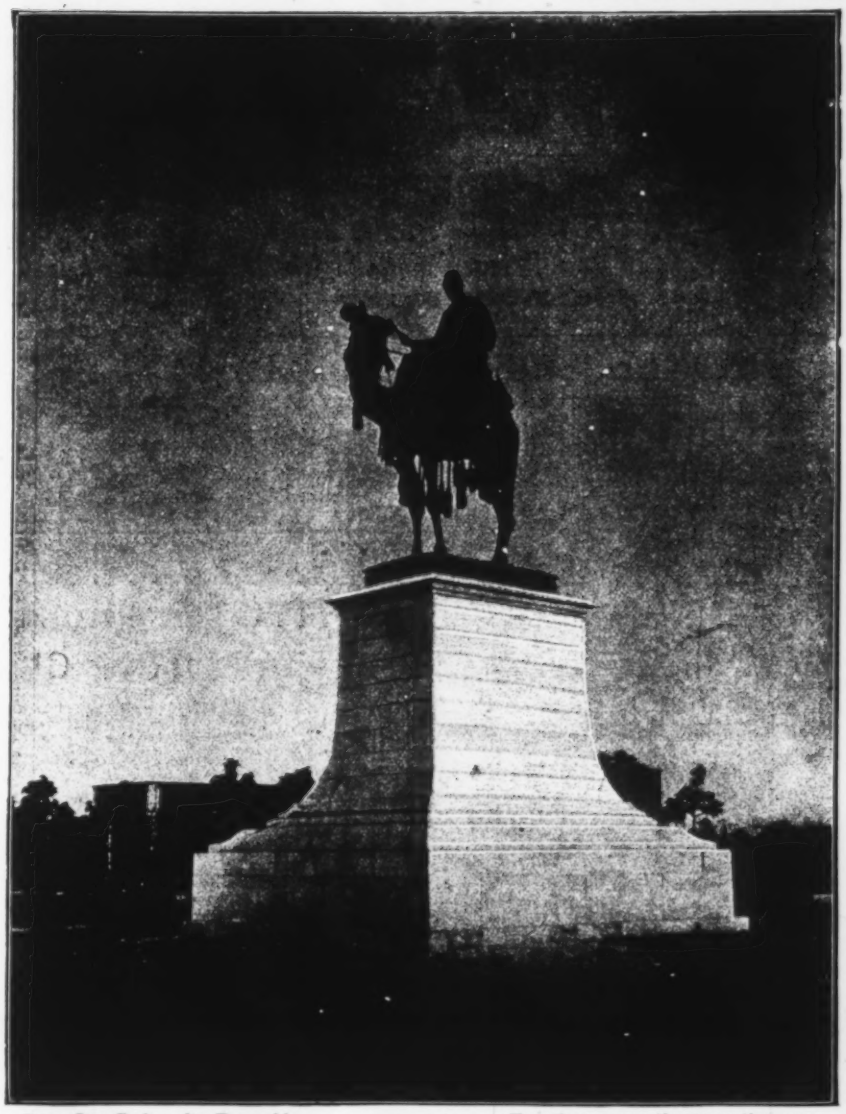

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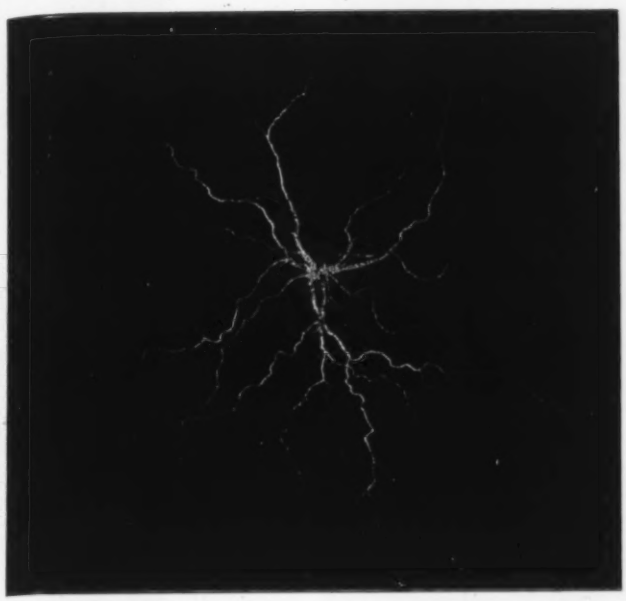

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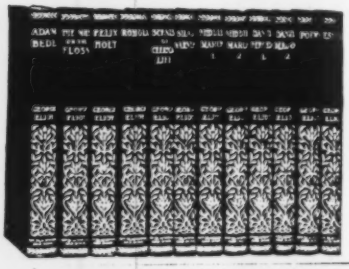

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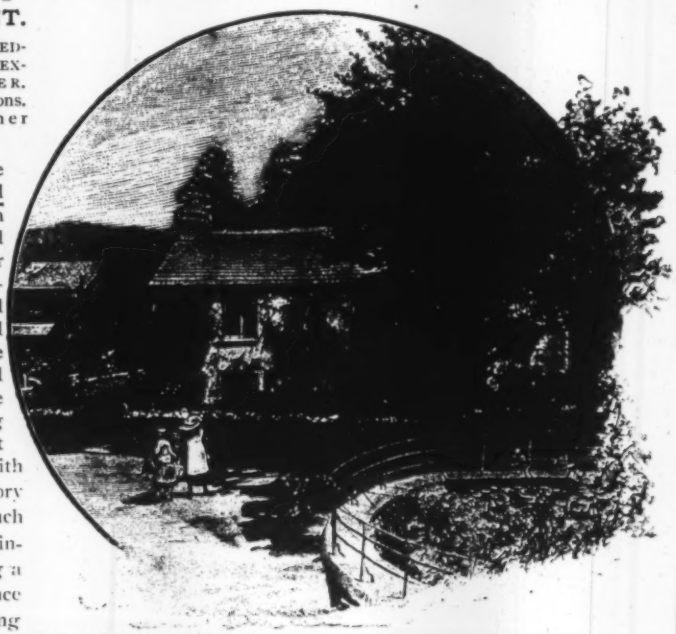

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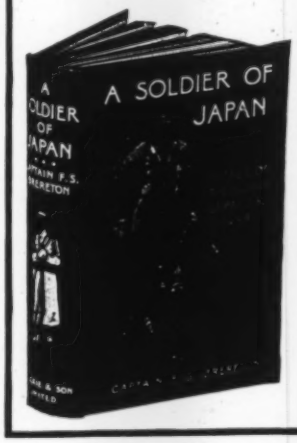


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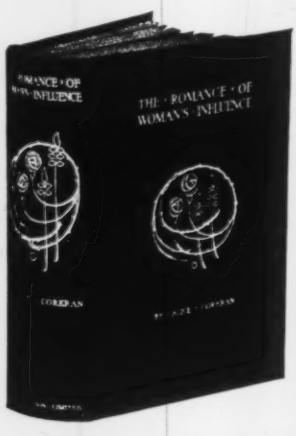


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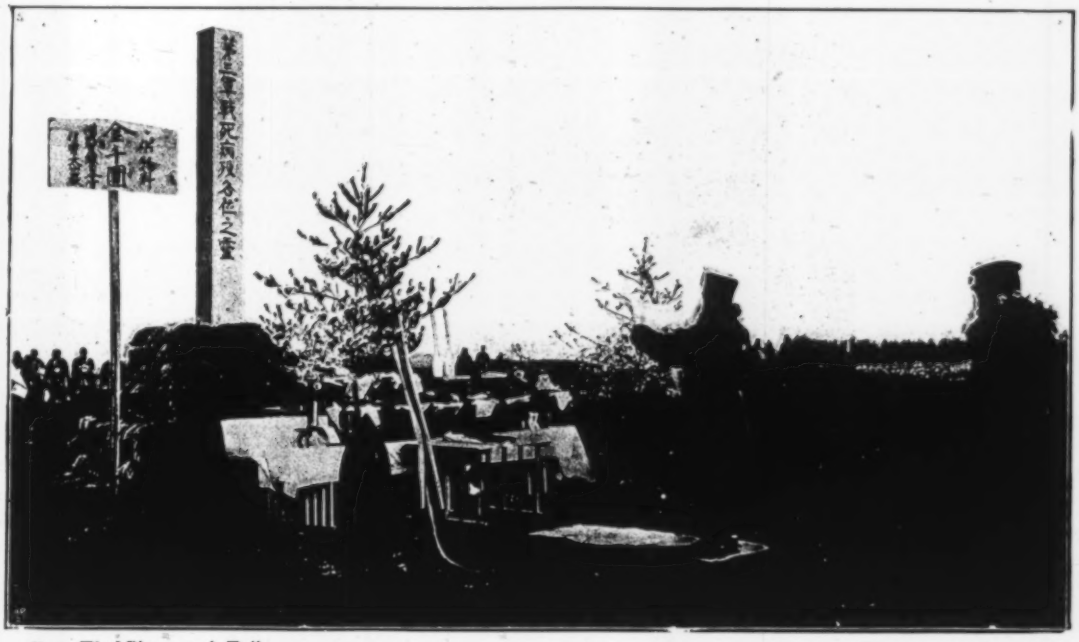

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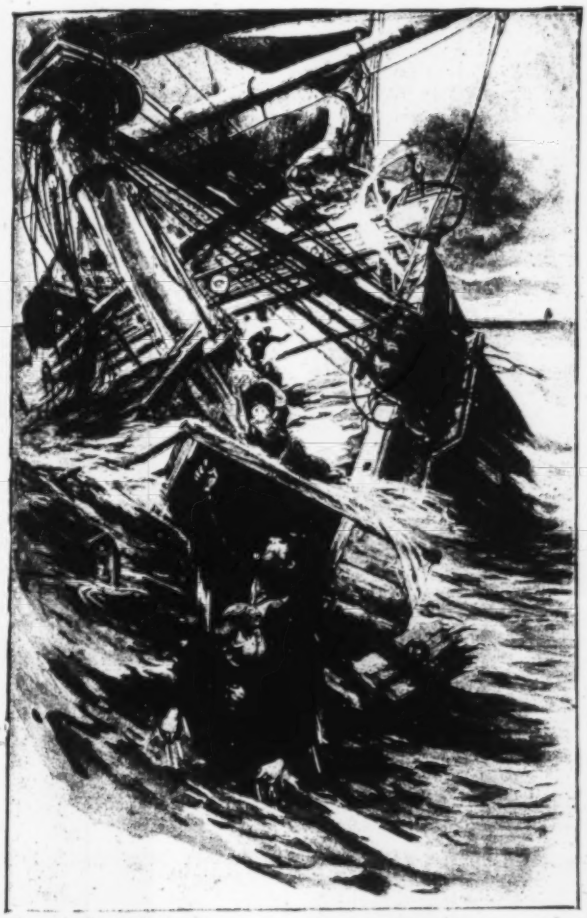

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Most of these ballads and songs are written in a French-Canadian dialect, which is essential as stamping them with an individual character, and the difficulties of which are only apparent and on the surface. The author enjoys a great and growing reputation in Canada. This is easily accounted for, as his verses are instinct with the humour and the joyous appreciation of nature and life that are the natural birthright of the French-Canadian. The book has caught no little of the wild spirit and harsh, bleak atmosphere of the snowy north-west of Canada. The poems are veritable pictures, full of humour and pathos, of home and out-of-door life as it is lived by men and women on the lonely fringes of civilisation. It is genuine poetry fraught with realism and moving human interest. The volume is admirably illustrated by Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn.

## IN NORTHERN SEAS.

By E. EVERETT-GREEN. With Coloured Illustrations. (T. Nelson and Sons.)

The story of two youths of an earlier period, a native of Venice and a native of Scotland, who meet on the great square of St. Mark and agree to sail

*From* **The Life of Walt Whitman.** *(Methuen & Co.)*

WALT WHITMAN AT 62.

together to other lands, is a story bound to hold many charms of incident and adventure, especially when it comes from the hands of that seasoned story-teller, Miss E. Everett-Green. Dracone, the Venetian youth, is on the look-out for Northern sailors to man his uncle's ship, the *Lion*, which is to sail to Northern countries to study and observe their ways and means of government. Duncan, the Scottish youth, is but too glad to leave his own hard skipper and join in the fascinating and perilous enterprise. The voyage, when it is embarked upon, provides and leads to most thrilling occasions and breathless dangers; and the air of old-world romance is well preserved throughout the story.

## R. L. S.

By E. Blantyre Simpson. With Portraits. (T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh.)

For those who want a handy, informing little biography of the author of "Treasure Island," Miss Simpson has provided the very thing. In Mr. Foulis' attractive "Spirit of the Age" series it seems right that such a strong, individual spirit as Robert Louis Stevenson should find a place. Miss Simpson is frankly appreciative, but she allows us to see many sides of Stevenson, and she is staunchly defensive of the father of R. L. S., who has at times been labelled as somewhat too ironbound and miserly for such a son. This unpretentious little volume yields many homely and intimate anecdotes, and is enriched by four interesting portraits.

## THE GENTLE GOLFER.

By Dr. Macnamara, M.P. With Illustrations by Arthur Moreland. 1s. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)

An amusing book by a serious M.P. is this new volume in Mr. Arrowsmith's long famous Bristol Library. Dr. Macnamara finds time, after his onerous parliamentary duties are over, not only to play golf, but to write about it. He discourses of the fascination of the game, and of the characters and characteristics of players he has observed, and of how to play a really bad game—an achievement more simple to the player than it seems to the looker-on. The practised golf-maniac will chuckle over these pages; the maniac less practised will recognise the pitfalls. We reproduce an illustration of "Alf," the caddie; he is a typical London boy, and his portrait alone is worth the money. Mr. Arthur Moreland's work in every case, too, is capital, vigorous, and fresh, with a fine touch of caricature which should go far towards making his fortune.

*From* **The Gentle Golfer.** *(J. W. Arrowsmith.)* Alf.

*From* **When it was Dark.** *(Greening & Co.)* Under Eastern Stars.

## SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

The Bibelot Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Gay and Bird.)

It would be hard to find anything daintier in the way of reprints than Messrs. Gay and Bird's little Bibelot series. We reproduce a reduced illustration of the cover design, but no reproduction of this sort can really do justice to the prettiness of the actual volume. In its uncommon binding of embossed leather soft as suède and with cut edges, it has something the appearance of a little mediæval volume. It is finished off with gilt-edged care, and contains a good portrait of Shakespeare.

*From* **Bibelot Series.** *(Gay & Bird.)* Reduced Cover of Shakespeare's Sonnets.

## PETERKINS.

The Story of a Dog. Translated from the German of Ossip Schubin. By Mrs. John Lane. With Illustrations by Cottington Taylor. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Fairy-tales are very delightful, but sometimes it happens that one person may have too many at a time, or, perhaps, another person does not care for them at all; and then, on such an occasion or for such a person, here is the very thing. It is the story of a little white Spitz puppy, from his tiny days when he tumbled about in a box of straw in the stable, all through days of petting, adventure and disgrace, till the

day when he performed a very clever and valuable deed, and was received back into full favour by those he loved. There is a story within this story, too; the story of the little girl at the castle where Peterkins lived, and of her stepmother, and of many a dark occasion. But the book ends joyously for all, and is sure to amuse any child as well as teach it to be kind to animals.

## LOUIS WAIN'S ANIMAL SHOW.

With Stories. 1s. (James Clarke and Co.)

Last year we thought that Mr. Louis Wain really had come to the end of the attitudes he could place his cats and dogs in, and the vagaries he could induce them to play; but here he is, fresh as ever, with an "Animal Show" scores of pages long. There is always a waiting and admiring public for Mr. Wain's work, and this year they will be charmed anew by his versatile pencil. We congratulate the artist on his farther excursions into the animal kingdom; his frogs are among his triumphs.

*From* **Peterkins.** *(John Lane.)*

PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK ON THE CASTLE TERRACE.

## WARD, LOCK AND CO.'S WONDER BOOK.

Edited by HARRY GOLDING. With Illustrations. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Each winter brings with it one ever-welcome volume for the nursery, the "Wonder-Book" of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company. It is indeed "a box where sweets compacted lie." Inside its glowing golden covers are delights for every child, every day, in any temper. Pictures, stories, verses, gorgeous coloured plates are here in plenty; and when we see such names as Mary Wilkins, Sheila Braine, Eugene Field, Roma White, and that of many another old friend, we know that the material is of the best.

## THE DORSET COAST.

By CHARLES G. HARPER. Illustrated by the Author and from Photographs and Prints. 15s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

The portion of the coast "surveyed" by Mr. Harper extends from Poole to Lyme Regis. The rectilinear distance between the two places is only forty-five miles; to follow the coast line adds other forty to the score. For the scenery of the coast at this part Mr. Harper makes a high claim: "It is not easily over-praised, nor without difficulty explored, for it combines beauty, ruggedness, and general inaccessibility, each in a very high degree—it is the most unspoiled and least intimately known of all our sea-coasts." The volume is a pleasant addition to the ever-growing and increasingly popular books of topography in which well-written letterpress is re-enforced by admirable drawings and photographs.

*From* **Louis Wain's Animal Book.** *(James Clarke & Co.)*

TUCK IN YOUR HEAD! O—VER!

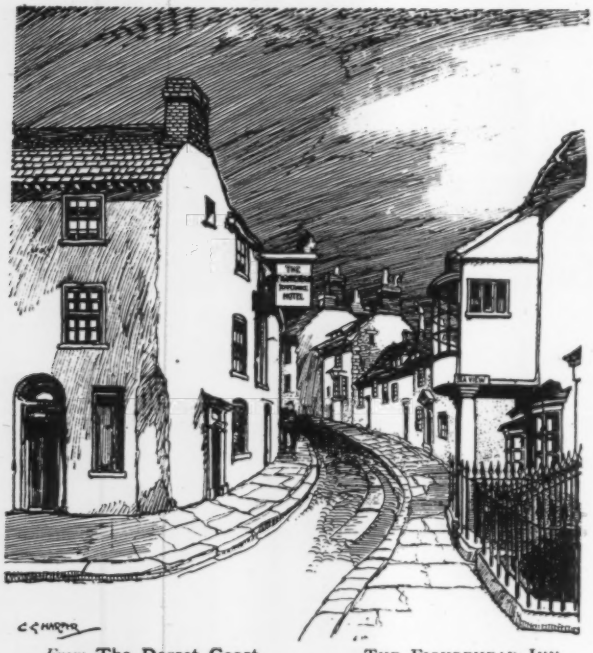
## THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS IN ENGLAND.

By EDWARD S. PRIOR, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. 7s. net. (Seeley.)

Following up his elaborate study of Gothic Art in England, Mr. Prior has now written a very scholarly monograph on the whole history of our English cathedrals. Beginning with the First Period, 1066-1150, Mr. Prior has divided his subject into nine parts, and carefully traces its history down to the present time. While the book is learned, it is not surcharged with technical details, and every admirer of our great cathedrals and abbeys will find in the volume precisely the knowledge that is so desirable but is so hard to obtain. The illustrations are an outstanding feature of the book. There are four fine colour reproductions from early manuscripts, and more than thirty brilliant half-tone views of the chief English cathedrals.

*From* **The Wonder Book.** *(Ward, Lock & Co.)*

THE LION WAS CONDUCTOR, THE ZEBRA PLAYED THE FLUTE.



*From* **The Dorset Coast.**
*(Chapman & Hall.)*

THE FIGUREHEAD INN, SWANAGE.

## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN OXFORD AND THE COTSWOLDS.

By HERBERT A. EVANS. With Illustrations by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS. (Macmillan and Co.

This is the book on Oxfordshire which there is certainly room for. It is the pleasant chronicle of a summer ramble taken from, and including, Oxford and "the hill-country that lies to the north and west towards the broad vale of the Severn and Avon." Oxford itself is amusingly and informingly discussed, and the surrounding country is wandered over and described by a man who has eyes to see not only the obvious, but the past—as what the present has grown from—and the underlying charm of the land. The illustrations are undeniably good, and will prove a real pleasure to all Oxford lovers.

## MRS. BARBAULD'S HYMNS AND PROSE FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (De La More Press.)

A finely printed edition of an old-fashioned favourite well worthy of being resuscitated. It forms a very choice gift-book for a little girl. Binding, print, and illustrations all vie with one another in excellence.

## FAVOURITE STORIES FROM ANDERSEN AND GRIMM.

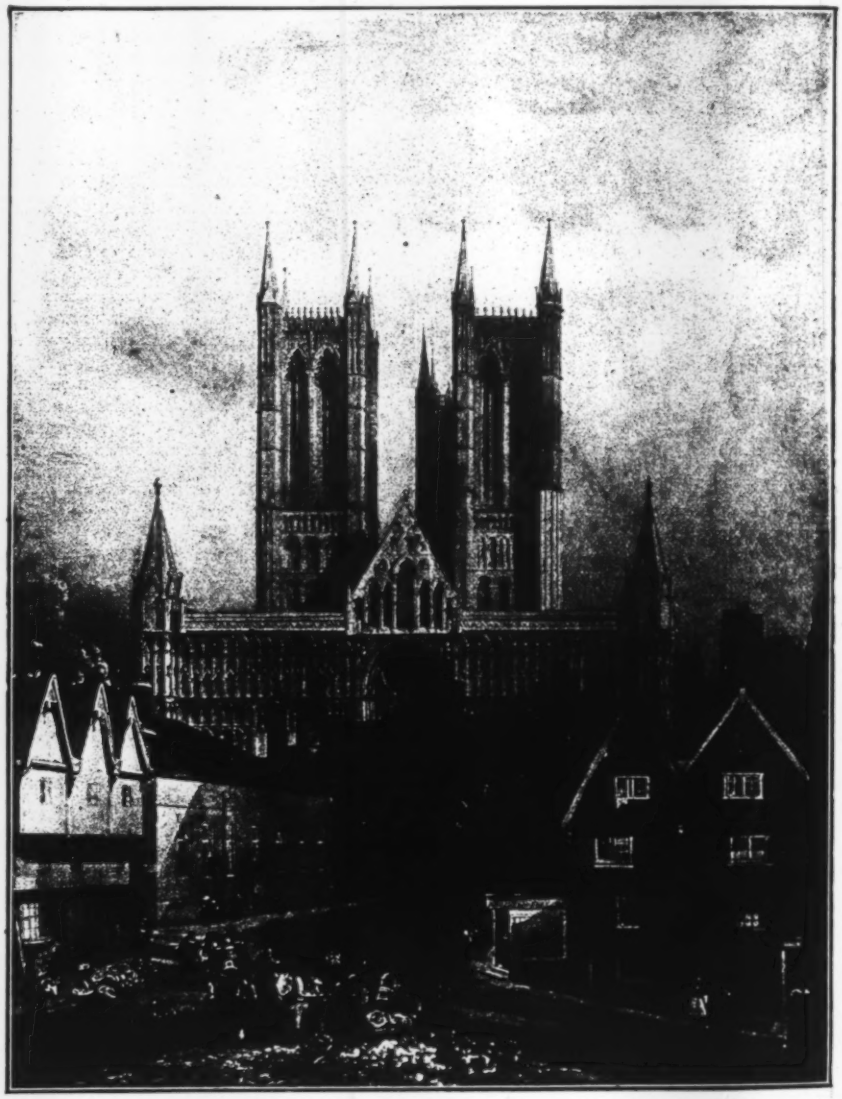
With Illustrations. 2s. 6d. (Griffith, Farran, Browne and Co.)

As surely as Christmas comes, there is a need for Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. In many forms for many readers the well-loved tales appear again. Now Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Browne and Co. have bound them up in bright covers, with pictures outside and inside, and type so large and tempting that a child will scarcely be able to help reading for himself or herself. As a first "Andersen and Grimm" for the nursery, these are the very things, cheerful to the eye and engrossing for the young brain.

## NATURE THROUGH MICROSCOPE AND CAMERA.

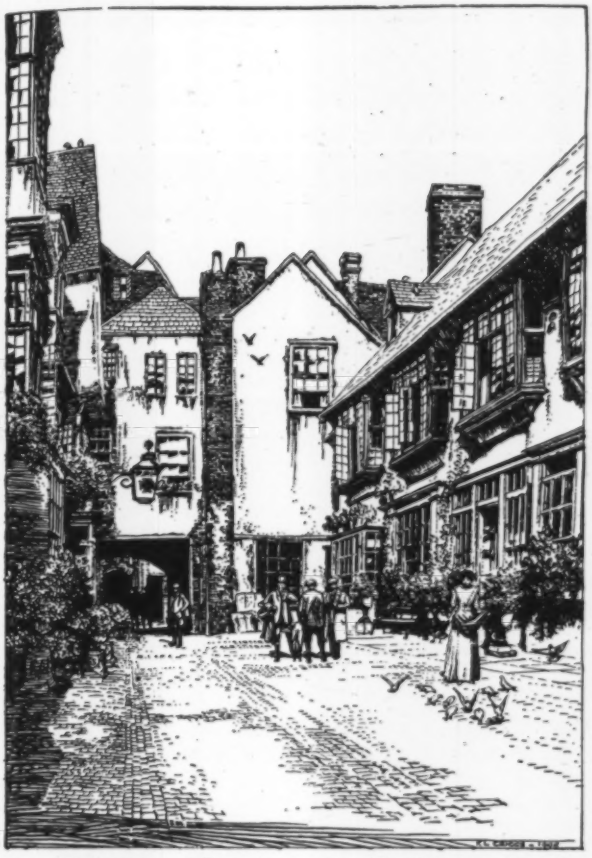
By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S. With Illustrations by ARTHUR E. SMITH. 6s. net. (Religious Tract Society.)

What we are so often pleased to term the "marvels of nature," we are far too prone to neglect to treat as marvels at all. But Mr. Richard Kerr has taken from us any excuse for continuing in this apathetic state. With the knowledge in his head, his pen in his hand, and such an able helper as Mr. A. E. Smith, he has sent forth this book, which by word and picture reveals wonders of the microscope, and, beyond that, the greater wonders in the world all round about us. It is almost difficult to believe that the lovely lace-like designs here reproduced are the cirri of a barnacle, the eye of a beetle, the section of a stem, the radula of a whelk. The great charm of the volume is that though genuine and reliable in its teaching, seriously accurate and wide in its range, it is also most readable and interesting to the unscientific mind and inspiring to the beginner.



*From* **The Cathedral Builders in England.**
*(Seeley & Co.)*

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.
(From a Drawing by P. De Wint.)



*From* **Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds.** *(Macmillan & Co.)*

THE "GOLDEN CROSS" INN-YARD, OXFORD.

## TENNYSON'S POEMS.

With Illustrations by ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE. 7s. 6d. (G. Bell and Sons.)

Here is a beautiful guise in which to possess beautiful poems. It is a volume in Messrs. George Bell's artistically produced "Endymion Series." Miss Brickdale's work is excellent, delicate yet firm; and as one turns the pages one sees that she has again and again chosen the unhackneyed point for illustration, or, where she has interpreted the well-known scene or incident, she has infused into it freshness and an unsuspected tenderness. Messrs. George Bell have gained a lasting reputation for the publication of "art-books"; the fact being that, roughly speaking, all their books are "art-books," whether concerned with the work of painters and sculptors or not.

*From* **Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns and Prose for Children.** *(De la More Press.)*

## MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

By HUGH MILLER. Introduction and Notes by W. M. MACKENZIE, M.A. With Illustrations. (George A. Morton.)

A new edition of Hugh Miller's "Schools and Schoolmasters," in the sensible yet attractive style in which Mr. George Morton now issues it, is much to be welcomed. With clear type and illustrations which show the man and the surroundings in which he moved and had his varied career, with a most readable and informing biographical introduction by Mr. W. M. Mackenzie, whose interest in Hugh Miller is keen and of long standing, and with notes to elucidate the text whenever such elucidation is needed, and to interest the reader at all times, the volume is capitally planned to meet the tastes and needs of all. Mr. Mackenzie has a real gift for concise and pertinent annotation, and his work bears witness of affectionate, appreciative care.

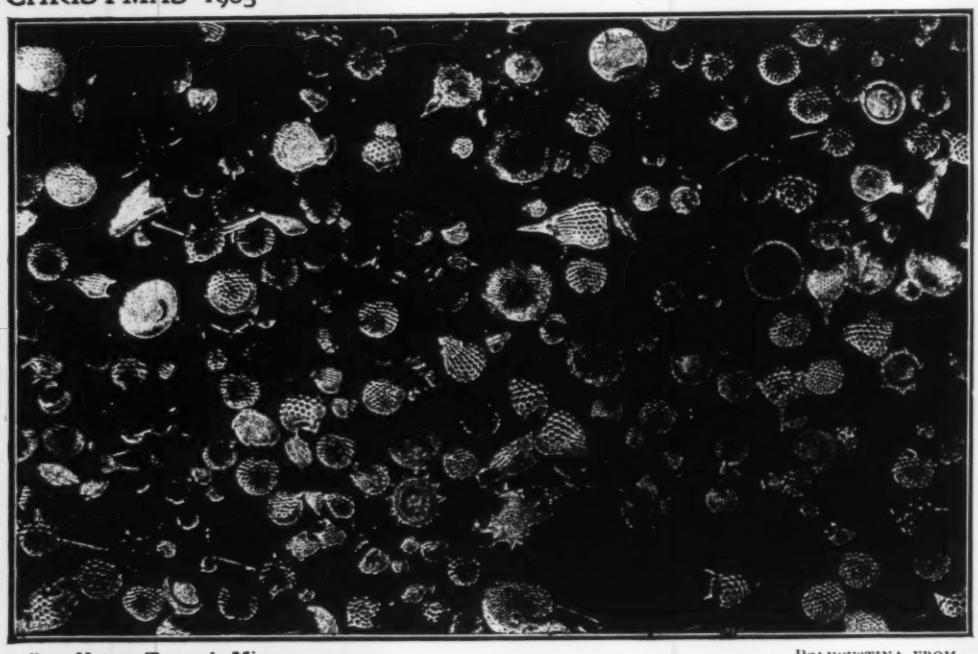
*From* **Favourite Stories from Andersen and Grimm.** *(Griffin, Farran, Browne & Co.)*

THE DWARF EMPTIED HIS SACK OF PRECIOUS STONES IN A QUIET CORNER.

## TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS.

By THOMAS HUGHES. Library of Modern Classics. Illustrated. 2s. net, cloth gilt; 3s. net, leather; 5s. net, half vellum. (John Long.)

A delightful and welcome addition to one of the cheapest and choicest of recent series of reprints. Hughes's masterpiece still stands alone in our literature as the best without rival of all stories of English school life. School customs change, but it is impossible to believe that this story of Arnold's Rugby will ever become old-fashioned or obsolete. Boys are to be envied who have yet to read it. They cannot make its acquaintance in pleasanter form than in this edition. There is a short biographical sketch of the author, whose portrait forms a fine photogravure frontispiece, and sixteen spirited full-page illustrations by A. T. Smith.



*From* **Nature Through Microscope and Camera.**
*(The Religious Tract Society.)*

POLYCYSTINA FROM BARBADOS.

## SOME FRUITS OF SOLITUDE.

By WILLIAM PENN. Introduction by JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A. 1s. 6d. net. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley Brothers.)

This little book of wise and lively maxims, which, in spite of anonymity, lived and spread its influence far and wide in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is now produced in pretty and appropriate simplicity of form by Messrs. Headley Brothers. William Penn's name was not added to the title-page until after the seventh edition was published, but the little "Enchiridion," as its author calls it, had long before that brought cheer and help to countless readers. R. L. Stevenson felt the tonic of the old Quaker's words when he came across a copy in San Francisco, "If ever in all 'my conduct,'" he says in a letter to a friend, "I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on, with a wrench, one to another." This present edition is enriched by bibliographical notes, and either in its tasteful covers of lambskin or of serviceable cloth, it forms an uncommon and desirable booklet for this season of gifts.

## VILLAGE, TOWN, AND JUNGLE LIFE IN INDIA.

By A. C. NEWCOMBE. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

Varied and attractive pictures of India are shown in Mr. Newcombe's volume. With his own eyes he has seen much of the country, and has evidently observed and enjoyed as he went. With anecdote and description he brings home to us the life in India as it often is, without glamour or romance; and again, with thoughtful comment and a knowledge born of experience and judgment, he tells fairly, and with a desire to help, of the larger, graver situations and conditions, and of the means for bettering them. The book will be a genuine pleasure to all interested in Indian life as seen with the eyes of a Government engineer.

## A BEVY OF GIRLS.

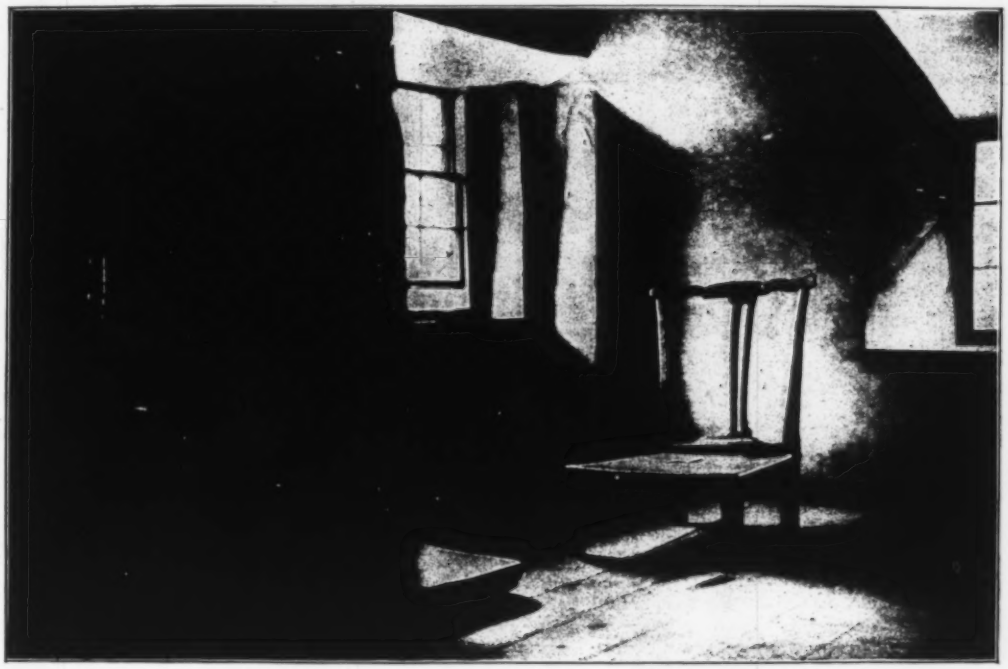
By Mrs. L. T. MEADE. With Ten Illustrations by LEWIS BAUMER. 6s. (Chambers.)

This is a typical story by Mrs. Meade—entertaining and

*From* **Tennyson.**
*(George Bell & Sons.)*

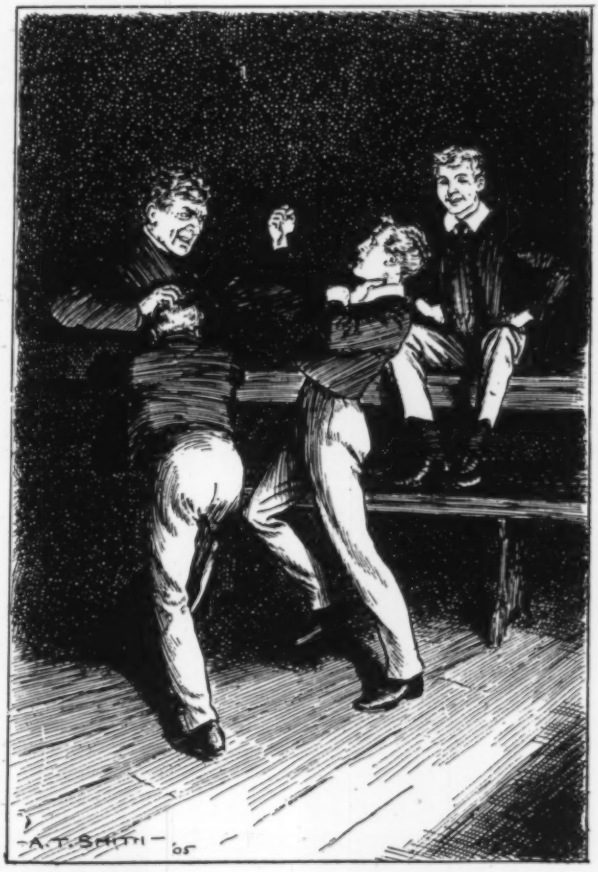
HIMSELF, A SIGHT TO SHAKE
THE MIDRIFF OF DESPAIR WITH LAUGHTER, HOLP
TO LACE US UP."

wholesome reading from cover to cover. From a happy school-life in Germany, Marcia Aldworth is suddenly recalled to undertake the superintendence of her father's household, consisting of a delicate and peevish step-mother and a bevy of careless and selfish step-sisters. The girl proves equal to what at first is a thankless task. With great tact and good sense, and by virtue of a loveable disposition, she becomes indispensable to the invalid, and is the means of bringing her sisters to realise that the path of duty leads to a more satisfying goal than the more alluring road to selfish enjoyment. The character of each of the bevy is drawn with the sureness of touch that we expect from its author's experienced hand.



*From* **My Schools and Schoolmasters.**
*(G. A. Morton, Edinburgh.)*

HUGH MILLER'S WORKROOM.
"Within which my great-grandfather, John Fiddes, passed his honeymoon with Jean Gallie, in the good year 1698."




*From* **Tom Brown's Schooldays.**
*(John Long.)*

TOM GRASPED HIS WAIST, REMEMBERING THE OLD THROW HE HAD LEARNED IN THE VALE.

*From* **Some Fruits of Solitude.**
*(Headley Brothers.)*

WILLIAM PENN.
From Earle's Mezzotint, after the original painting by Inman.

## TRAFALGAR RE-FOUGHT.

By Sir W. LAIRD CLOWES and ALAN H. BURGOYNE. With Illustrations. (T. Nelson and Sons.)

Occasionally there comes to us a book which is "for all." Such a book was Anstey's "Vice-Versa," which left fathers

*From* **The Rosebud Annual.** *(James Clarke & Co.)*

THE LONELY PORCUPINE.

bubbling with laughter and sons in a giggle; and such a book is "Trafalgar Re-Fought," not that it bears the slightest resemblance to Anstey's story except in ability, but that it is the book which grown-ups as well as youths will thoroughly enjoy and be the better for reading. In this most ingenious story we are given the Trafalgar fight as it might, and probably would, be, if Nelson were alive to-day and the same circumstances arose. With intimate and detailed knowledge of modern naval affairs the authors (one of whom we mourn the loss of most truly) have gone over again the whole glorious story, and have reconstructed it with modern weapons, modern tactics, and modern aids of all kinds. The absoluteseriousness of the authors' style is of the greatest value to the achievement. Lord Nelson, hero that he was —*is*, we mean— takes to the new order of things as a duck takes to water, and in his own inimitable way fights for victory. The detailed thoroughness of this palpitating bit of history re-told is worthy of high admiration: maps, plans, lists, and illustrations galore, put the great scenes before us as if the battle were now being fought, and whether the reader is child or man, civilian, or of the service, the enjoyment will be equal.

*From* **A Bevy of Girls.** *(W. & R. Chambers.)*

ANGELA LAID HER HAND ON HER. (Reduced.)

*From* **Village, Town, and Jungle Life in India.** *(W. Blackwood & Sons.)*

A MARASI CHILD.

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enables real justice to be done to the pictures. There are forty-eight reproductions, many of them printed in tints. The book will be of great value to the professional student of art, but it will also delight the ever-growing public that takes an intelligent interest in the art of our own time.

## OLD PEWTER.

By MALCOM BELL. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Newnes.)

The collecting mania is a curious chapter in psychology. The moment the object of search becomes too common to be precious, the collecting world proceeds straightway to ennoble something else by its regard. At present it is the heyday of the pewter pot. A few years ago one could have picked up for the proverbial sixpence bits of pewter ware which are now keenly fought over in the sale-room. Mr. Bell's volume is therefore timely. It is also well-informed and is produced in a very attractive manner. The illustrations, like those of all the books in this "Library of the Applied Arts," are extremely choice.

## CAT TALES.

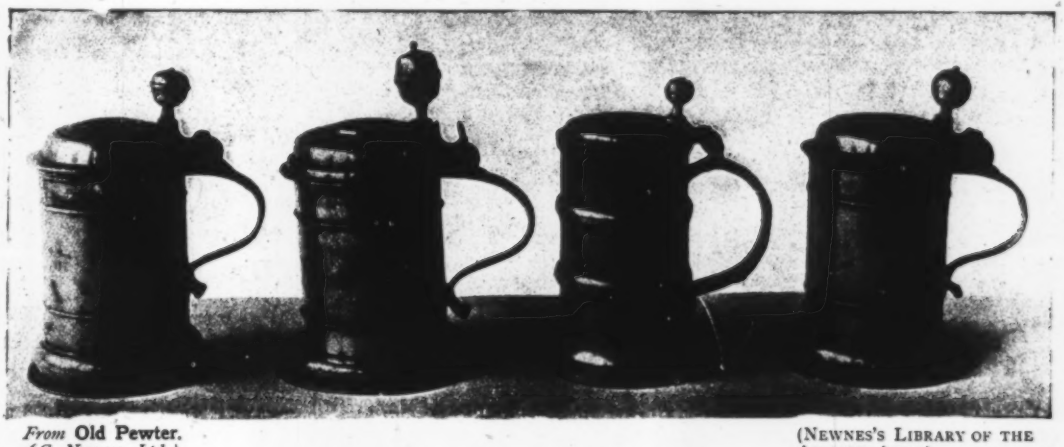
By W. L. ALDEN. With Illustrations by LOUIS WAIN. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

In his own amusing fashion Mr. Alden tells tale after tale of cat villainy, sagacity, intellect, and cunning. Discursively and humorously he draws his cat characters to the life; and in Mr. Louis Wain he has found the artist to

*From* **Emma, Lady Hamilton.** *(Constable.)*

LADY HAMILTON DANCING THE TARANTELLA AT NAPLES.

follow his lead with vivacity. Mr. Wain gives just that touch of comicality and caricature which Mr. Alden's work seems to call for, and the two together are a safe cure for melancholia.



*From* **Old Pewter.** *(G. Newnes, Ltd.)*

(NEWNES'S LIBRARY OF THE APPLIED ARTS.)

*From* **Cat Tales.**
*(Digby, Long & Co)*

HE, AND THE REMAINS OF THE BICYCLE, AND THE FIVE HUNDRED MORE OR LESS CATS WERE MIXED UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

## GAMMER GRETHEL'S FAIRY TALES.

5s. (De la More Press.)

A delightful reprint of an old and favourite nursery classic. The translation is the standard one by Edgar Taylor, and all Cruikshank's inimitable illustrations are reproduced. There is an interesting preface contributed by Mr. Laurence Housman.

## WITH NELSON IN COMMAND.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON. Illustrated. 6s. (Melrose.)

This is a fine swinging story of the Battle of the Baltic. Ben Jerningham falls a willing prey to the press-gang, and to his great delight finds himself on Nelson's ship. The portrait of the Admiral is excellently drawn, and Mr. Leighton effectively brings out the contrast between Nelson's wretched physique and his splendid courage and resolution in the hour of danger. All the chief historical characters are skilfully introduced—Hyde Parker, Hardy, and "the gallant, good Riou." Ben Jerningham is of course endowed by his creator with an ample share of luck. Chances of distinction come to him in every chapter, and he has the crowning honour of saving Nelson's life. The historical setting of the story is instructive as well as interesting, and gives a capital account of the condition of the navy in "the great and gallant days." It is sure, as it deserves, to be highly popular with boys.

*From* **Gammer Grethel's Fairy Tales.**
*(De La More Press.)*

## IN THE MARCH AND BORDERLAND OF WALES.

By A. G. BRADLEY. With Illustrations by W. M. MEREDITH. 10s. 6d. net. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

When Mr. Bradley sets out with his wallet and staff we know that to all intents and purposes the journey he takes will be almost as good for us as if we took it ourselves—and considerably less expensive. When Mr. Bradley sets out for Wales the matter is doubly sure; for Wales is the country of his affections. In this well-produced volume we have no guide-book in the strict sense of the name, for the traveller went where he listed without regard for geographical divisions or recognised routes; but we have the country put into words, its past, its present, and even its future as a pleasure-giving holiday resort if people will only be brought to believe that it is equal to the better known parts of our Island. Let the man who is tired of his last summer's sur-

*From* **With Nelson in Command.**
*(Andrew Melrose.)*

"TO WHAT SHIP DO YOU BELONG, EH? WHAT'S YOUR SHIP, SIR?"

*From* **Pictures from Nature.**
*(Cassell & Co.)*

BLACK-THROATED DIVER.

roundings study this volume, and if Mr. Bradley fails to convince him that Arcadia is in waiting for him next year, then Mr. Meredith's pictures will succeed. With scores of beautiful sketches he has presented the many aspects of this chosen country, its mountain wildnesses, and its riverside peace, its stately mansions and its cottage homes. This is no made-up book, thrown together after a holiday; there is a store of knowledge and beauty in it, and it has evidently been carried out by an author and artist who care that their work shall be of their best.

## THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

With Drawings by L. LESLIE BROOKE. 1s. net. (F. Warne and Co.)

Mr. Leslie Brooke is an artist of whose work one can speak in the highest and most delightful praise and feel that one has not done him more than justice. His work has come to us these last three seasons as a real refreshment. He depends upon no tricks or mannerisms to obtain his effects; his work is the good, genuine work of an artist who is full of humour and kindliness. There is no one to touch him when it comes to the expression of self-satisfaction in the eye of a goose, or the look of surprised fear on the face of a lion. To all who are on the look-out for a new joy for a child a "Leslie Brooke Book" is a safe investment.

## THE TALE OF MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE.

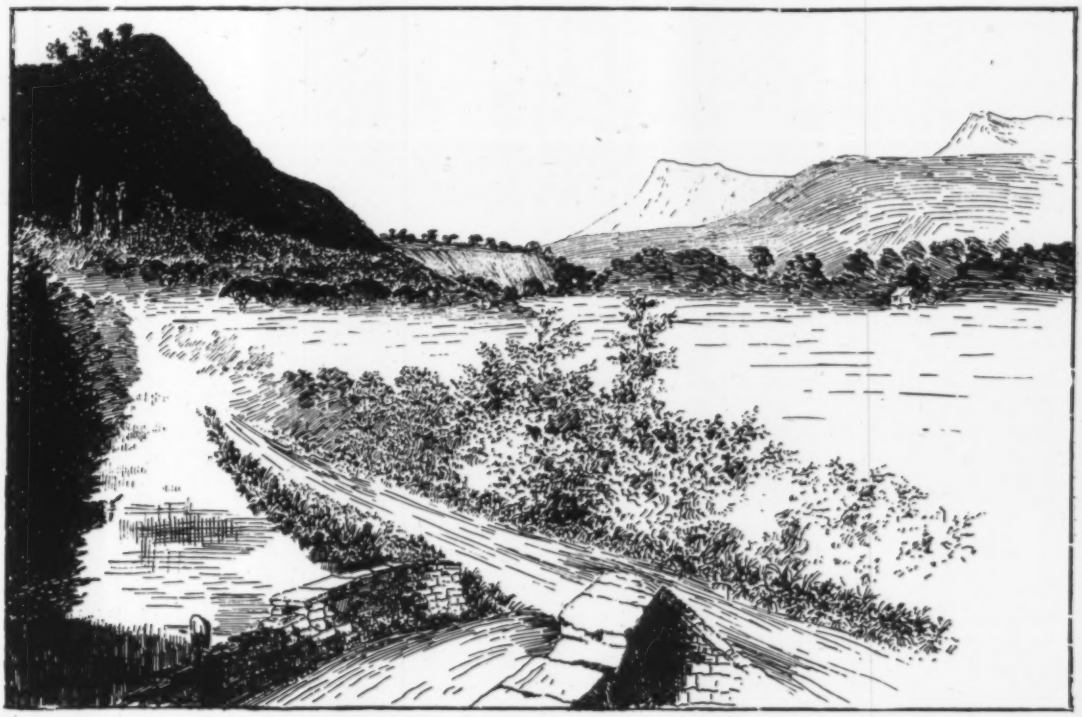
By BEATRIX POTTER. With Illustrations. 1s. (F. Warne and Co.)

For some four or five years now Miss Beatrix Potter's welcome has been assured. From the day when she came to us bringing "Peter Rabbit" she has never lost her hold on our affections. This year we have "Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle," who lived inside the door on the hill and did washing and ironing for many an old friend of ours, including Peter Rabbit himself and Benjamin Bunny. Lucie of Little-Town was the one who found out about Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, when she went to look for her three pocket-handkins and a pinny. This is a companion volume to the old favourites, printed in the same fine large letters, with its illustrations as dainty as dainty can be. Five and three-quarters by four and one-quarter inches, the publishers tell us these little books are. How much of the heart of the nursery can be caught within that amount of space!

## THE MAGAZINE OF FINE ARTS.

No. I., 1s. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

An Art magazine of fine promise is the new publication which Messrs. Newnes have just issued. The best from the Art-world of all centuries and all countries is to be gathered together and illustrated, criticised, and discoursed upon by the best authorities. This first number is a magnificent start to a well-considered scheme. In it Professor Max Rooses writes on the development of the art of Jakob Jordaens; Mr. Laurence Housman on Donatello as one of the great forerunners of modern sculpture; Sir James D. Linton on Richard Wilson, as one among the English land-



*From* **The March and Borderland of Wales.**
*(A. Constable & Co.)*

MORNING ON THE VALE OF NEATH.

scape painters; and Lord Ronald Gower discusses Gainsborough's drawings at the British Museum. Other articles deal with pottery, woven fabrics, furniture, architectural interests, and many kindred subjects. But it is by its pictures that the magazine will make its first appeal, and these are selected with taste and generosity and produced in the best manner. In addition to very numerous and well-chosen illustrations to each article, there are eight supplemental plates of celebrated pictures or interesting specimens reproduced either in photogravure or in colours.

*From* **The Golden Goose.**
*(F. Warne & Co.)*

A LITTLE OLD GREY MAN AND A GOLDEN GOOSE.

## THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF THE MAN IN THE MOON.

By RAY M. STEWARD. With Illustrations. 4s. net. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

If the man in the moon had not chopped sticks on Sunday he would never have been sent there; and if he had not been sent there he would never have been so lonely and bored that he fell asleep and dreamed that bad dream; and if he had never dreamed that bad dream he would never have terrified his servant Lollypop; and if he had never—— But what is the use of proceeding further, he *did* chop sticks on Sunday, and all the rest followed, and children of all tempers will be very glad that he did when they look at this book and read about all the adventures which he had in consequence, when Santa Claus took his sleigh moonwards and called at the moon-palace. After that visit of Santa Claus the Man in the Moon was allowed to go a journey, and the persons he met, from Cinderella to Robinson Crusoe, from Jack Sprat to Old Mother Hubbard, made his travels one whirl of excitement and fun. A great many things happened to all these celebrities which no one would guess unless they read this book. It does not do in these days to be ignorant about celebrities, so we advise every child to read this book, and Messrs. Jack have made it so pretty within and without that every child, we feel sure, will be glad to follow our advice.

## WILFUL COUSIN KATE.

By L. T. MEADE. With Illustrations. 5s. (W. and R. Chambers.)

Mrs. Meade has touched her high-water mark in this handsome blue and gold volume. Her story is about two girl cousins—one, Molly, a happy-natured, round-faced daughter of a Harley Street doctor; the other, Kate, the poorer cousin, is the passionately devoted daughter of an invalid mother. The invalid mother being ordered abroad for her health, Kate goes to stay, much against her will, with Molly in London. Molly is all eagerness for the companionship, Kate is all resentment against her fate and misery about her mother's illness. There is no doubt that Kate's temper is "difficult"; she gives poor little Molly rather a bleak time, but is in reality a brave and honourable girl, equal to great self-sacrifice when love or duty prompts her. There are most attractive pictures of everyday life in London and in Germany made interesting with those thousand and one little touches which make all the difference between a poor story and a good one. No grown-up will make a mistake in choosing "Wilful Cousin Kate" as a present for any normal girl.

*From* **The Tale of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle.**
*(F. Warne & Co.)*

AT THE TABLE WITH AN IRON IN HER HAND, STOOD A VERY STOUT, SHORT PERSON.

*Reading Jane's Letters.* Chap 34

*From* **Pride and Prejudice.**
*(George Allen.)*

## THE HIPPOPOTAMUS BOOK.

By LILY SCHOFIELD. 1s. 6d. (A. Treherne and Co.)

Three inches square are the "Humpty-Dumpty" books for children, and this is the eighth which Messrs. Treherne have published. It is the story of Potamus, who usually sat by the Nile, but who one day went for a walk for his health's sake, got scared by the sight of an advertisement of "Hippo

Essence," and plunged head downwards in the river to escape capture "for trade purposes." The trouble was that poor Potamus failed to realise that although his head was entirely under water, his tail was not. He quite well bore the growth of two nice little trees upon his back, and was not inconvenienced by the nesting birds which haunted them. But it was when the son of the King mistook him for a desirable island, and planted a sharp stake in him with an ensign on top, that Potamus suffered for his error. The King's son suffered for his error too. But the rest of the "Humpty-Dumpty" book explains the end of the matter very satisfactorily and without bloodshed; and we confidently affirm that in these pictures and verses nothing will be found that will sadden the most sensitive nature.

*From* **A Tale of Two Cities.** *(John Long.)*

LA VENGEANCE INTERRUPTS.

## MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER CIRCLE.

By CHARLES and FRANCES BROOKFIELD. In 2 vols. 28s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.)

Without themselves achieving anything of permanent value in literature, the Brookfields attracted to them the most brilliant literary people of a brilliant time, and their house was the centre of everything best worth knowing and having in the London of that period. The book abounds in the most charming sidelights on the members of the circle, and there are many fresh and genial reminiscences of Carlyle, Thackeray, Hallam, and Tennyson. The illustrations are as interesting as the letterpress, and make the book an artistic as well as a literary treat.

## THE ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE OF THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE.

By WILLIAM RIDGEWAY, M.A., F.B.A., Hon.D.Litt., Disney Professor of Archæology in the University of Cambridge. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Cambridge Univ. Press.)

This learned work, which in its own subject is encyclopædic in range, will interest a great number of readers for very different reasons. It is a book that the archæologist will set great store by, and it contains much that will appeal to the zoologist and the comparative anatomist. And to those practically concerned with the breeding of horses the work is indispensable. To this list we may fairly add the general reader, who will find here a subject of great interest handled with unique knowledge and perfect lucidity. Professor Ridgeway's main contention is to controvert the theory

*From* **Bess of Delany's.** *(Digby, Long & Co.)*

HER EYES, INTENSELY DARK, AND PASSIONATE WITH FEELING, WERE LIFTED TO THE MAN'S FACE.

that all our domestic horses have been obtained solely by artificial breeding from a single wild species, and to establish that the Libyan horse is a distinct species or at least a distinct sub-species from the Asiatic. To this end Professor Ridgeway investigates the ancestors of the Equidae, the existing Equidae, horses of pre-historic and historic times, the origin of the Libyan horse, and the development of equitation. The work is splendidly illustrated with nearly a hundred and fifty pictures, the collection of which alone speaks of scholarly and assiduous research.

## BABY BOSH BY THE SEA.

1s. (David Nutt.)

A pretty booklet of amusing verse and coloured pictures has been made out of the adventures of Baby Bosh and his brother Tosh and his sister Sosh, who all went off to the

*From* **Origin and Influence of the Thoroughbred Horse.** *(Cambridge University Press.)*

THE MOORISH HORSE.